

The Sword
MEETS MOE LYNN
RESULT: RIOT!

SUPER-MYSTERY COMICS

10¢
OCT.

ALL
AGES

SENSATIONAL STORIES
STARRING

MAGNO & DAVEY
MR. RISK-DR. NEMESIS

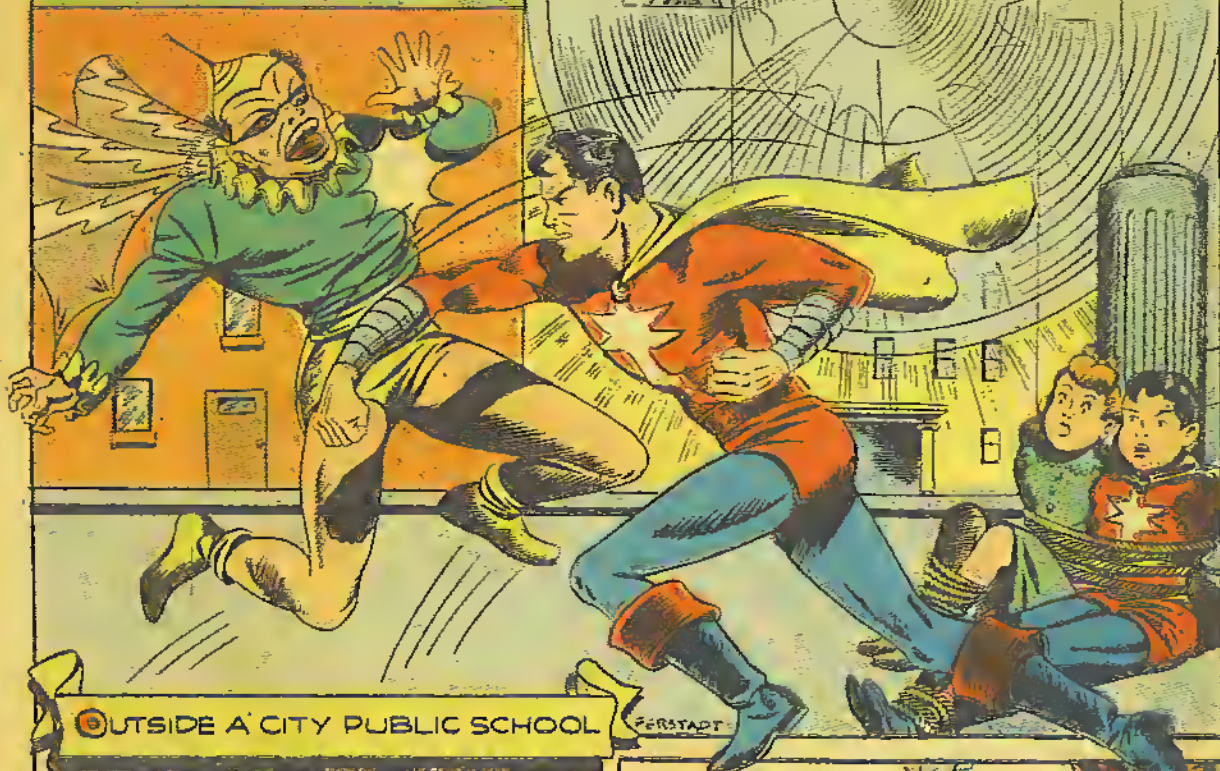




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

MAGNO DAVEY

INVISIBLE DEATH REACHED ACROSS THE CITY AND DREW MAGNO AND DAVEY IRRESISTABLY INTO A WEIRD MURDER MAZE OF UN-ACCOUNTABLE HORROR. THE EVIL OF THE VICIOUS CLOWN HAD RISEN AS IF FROM THE DEAD, TO FASHION A TERROR TRAP THAT NO ONE NOT EVEN MAGNO AND DAVEY, COULD EVER HOPE TO BREAK! READ ABOUT THE WEIRDEST SCIENTIFIC CRIME WAVE OF THE COUNTRY.



OUTSIDE A CITY PUBLIC SCHOOL

H'LO, LAURIE ANN. CAN I WALK YOU HOME?

WHY, OF COURSE, DAVEY.

I GUESS WE'LL BE MOVING OUT OF THIS NEIGHBORHOOD SOON.

THAT'S TOO BAD. WHY?

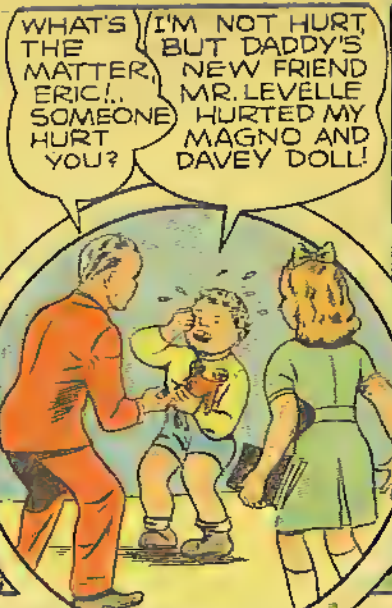




MY FATHER HAS PERFECTED HIS LATEST INVENTION, AND A BACKER IS GIVING HIM ALMOST A MILLION DOLLARS TO PRODUCE IT.

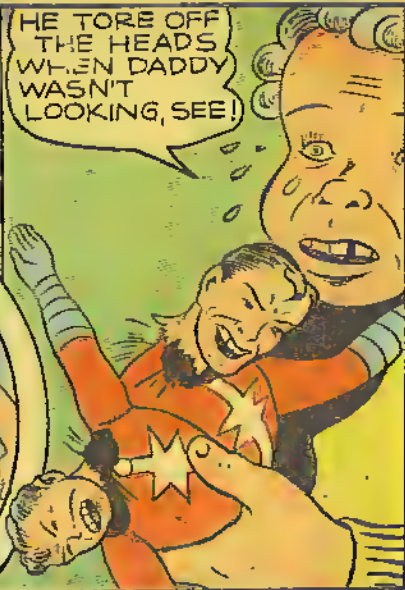
THAT'S NICE, ERIC! I'LL MISS YOU, SAY ISN'T THAT YOUR LITTLE BROTHER?

BOO HOO!

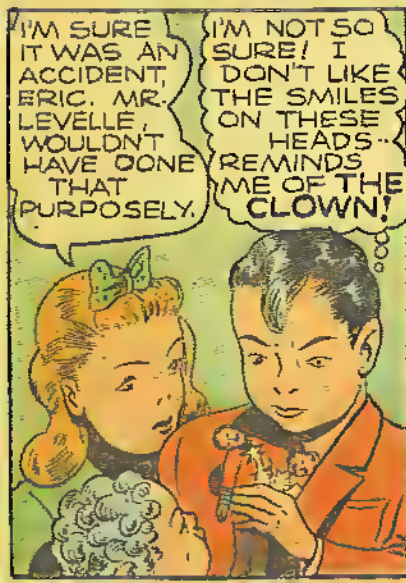


WHAT'S THE MATTER, ERIC! SOMEONE HURT YOU?

I'M NOT HURT, BUT DADDY'S NEW FRIEND MR. LEVELLE HURTED MY MAGNO AND DAVEY DOLL!



HE TORE OFF THE HEADS WHEN DADDY WASN'T LOOKING, SEE!



I'M SURE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, ERIC. MR. LEVELLE WOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT PURPOSELY.

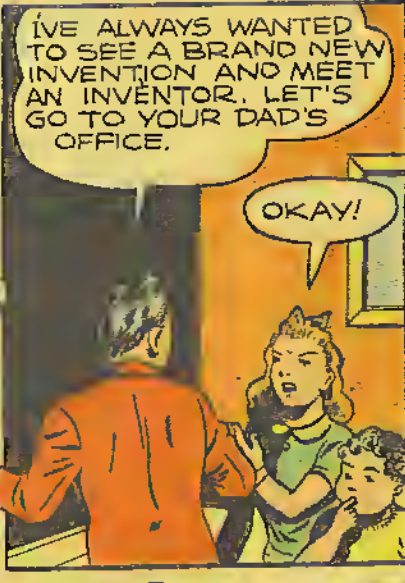
I'M NOT SO SURE! I DON'T LIKE THE SMILES ON THESE HEADS.. REMINDS ME OF THE CLOWN!



WHERE'S DADDY NOW?

HE WENT TO HIS OFFICE WITH MR. LEVELLE... TO GIVE HIM THE INVENTION

GEE, THAT CERTAINLY SOUNDS INTERESTING



I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE A BRAND NEW INVENTION AND MEET AN INVENTOR. LET'S GO TO YOUR DAD'S OFFICE.

OKAY!



YAH! YAH! YAH! LAURIE'S GOT A FELLAH!

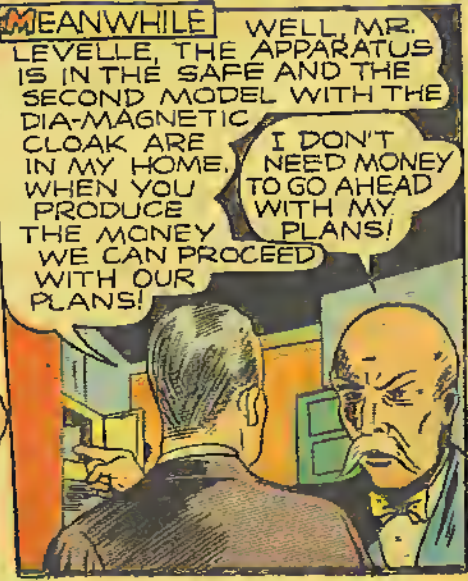
OH, THAT CHILD

I'LL LET YOU IN ON SOMETHING... HE'S RIGHT!



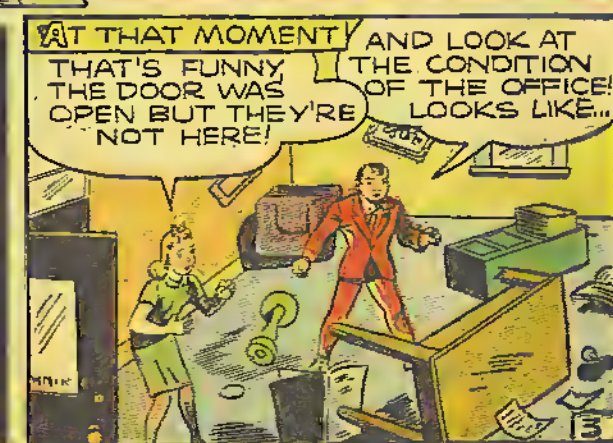
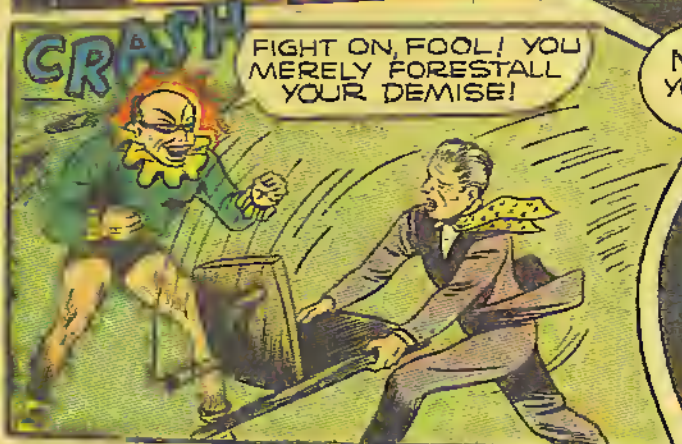
THIS IS JUST A WACKY HUNCH BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO OVERLOOK ANY BETS WHERE THE CLOWN IS CONCERNED!

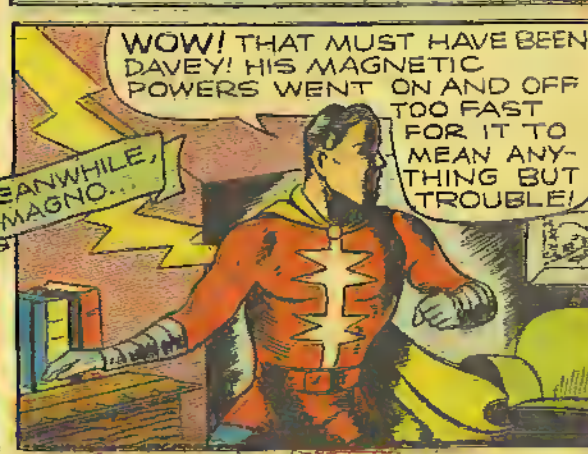
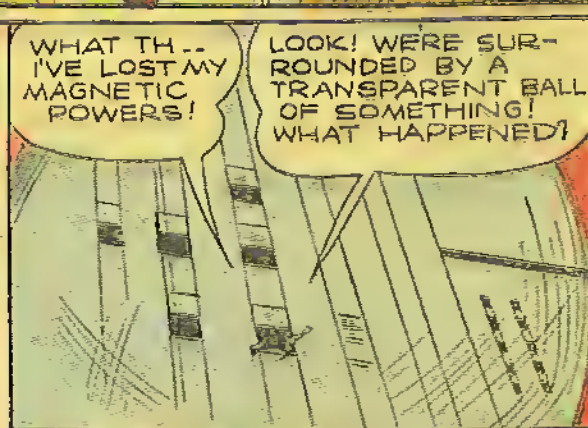
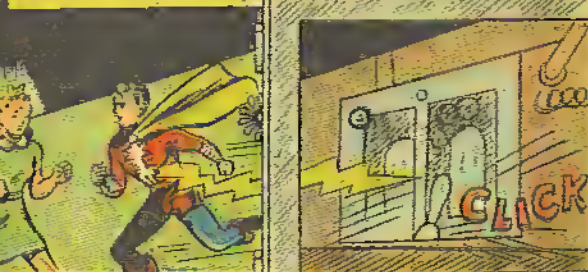
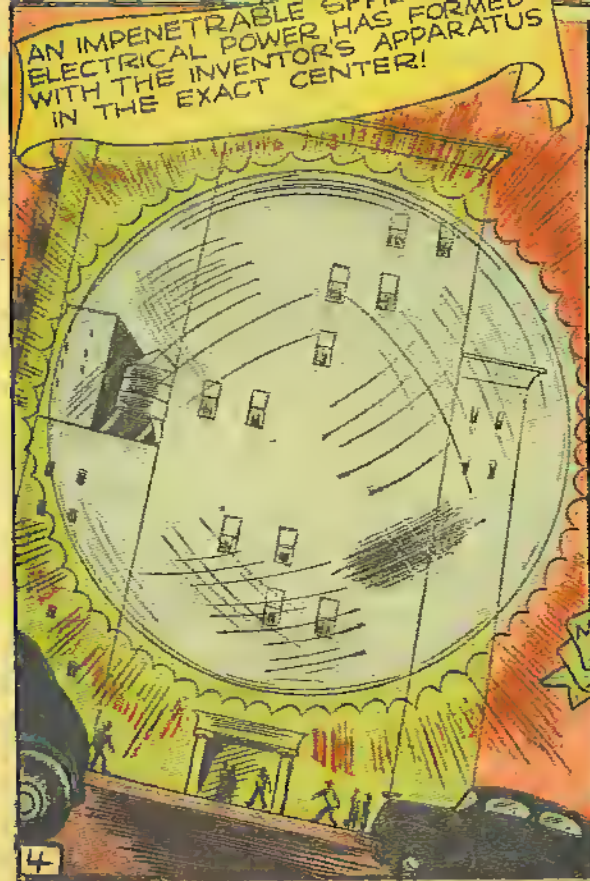
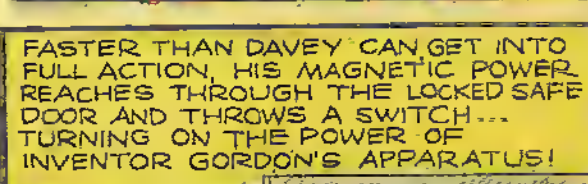
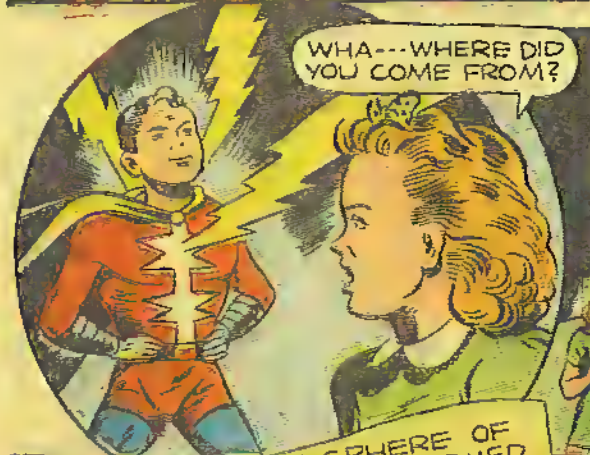
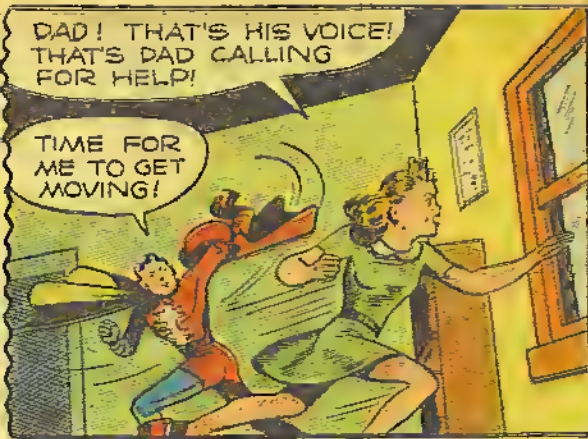
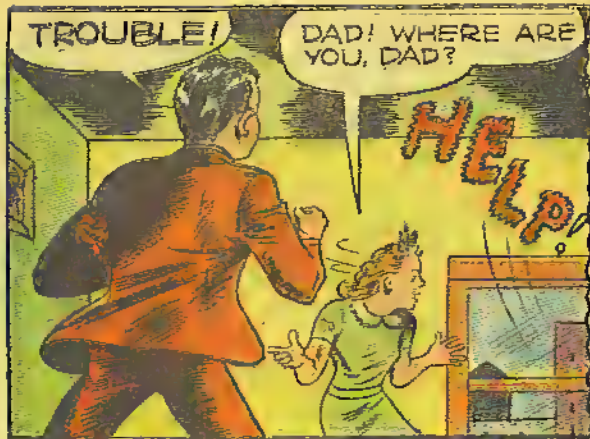
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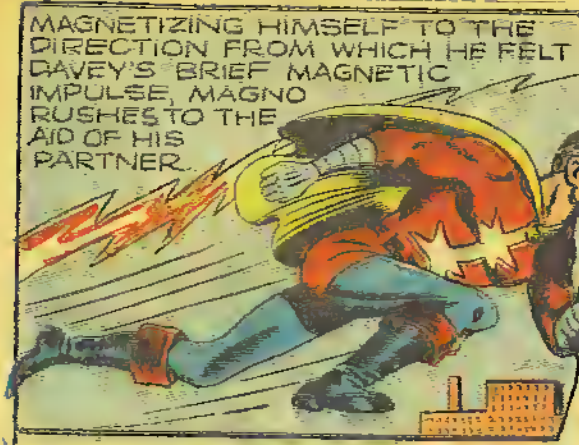


MEANWHILE WELL, MR. LEVELLE, THE APPARATUS IS IN THE SAFE AND THE SECOND MODEL WITH THE DIA-MAGNETIC CLOAK ARE IN MY HOME. WHEN YOU PRODUCE THE MONEY WE CAN PROCEED WITH OUR PLANS!

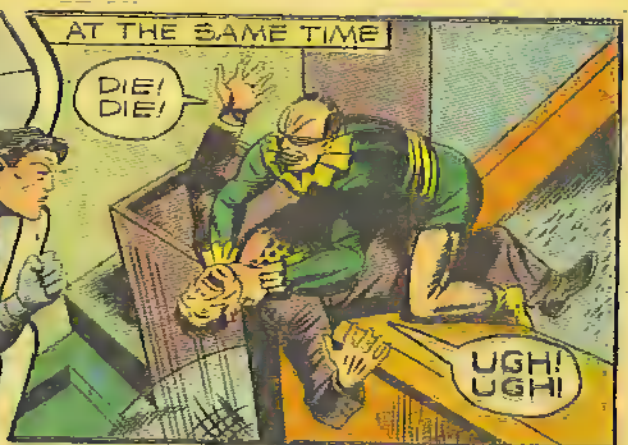
I DON'T NEED MONEY TO GO AHEAD WITH MY PLANS!







MAGNETIZING HIMSELF TO THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH HE FELT DAVEY'S BRIEF MAGNETIC IMPULSE, MAGNO RUSHES TO THE AID OF HIS PARTNER.



AT THE SAME TIME

DIE!
DIE!

UGH!
UGH!

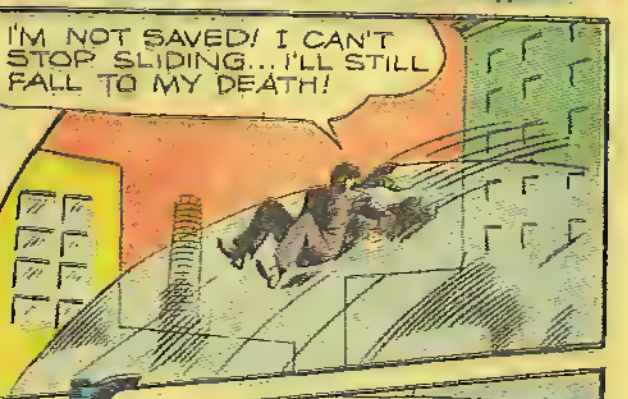


HA! HA!
HA! FALL
TO YOUR
DEATH!

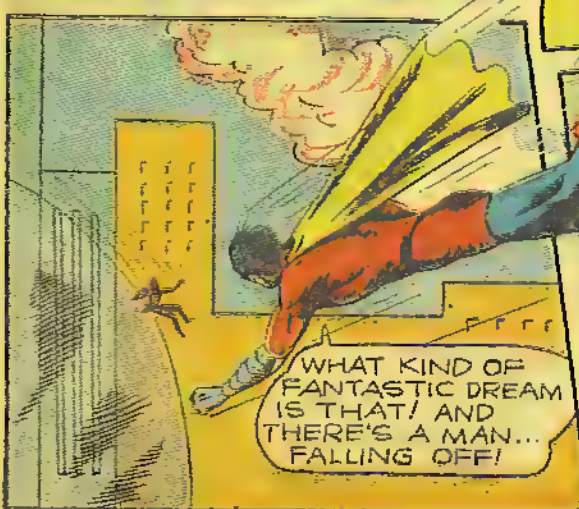
WOW!



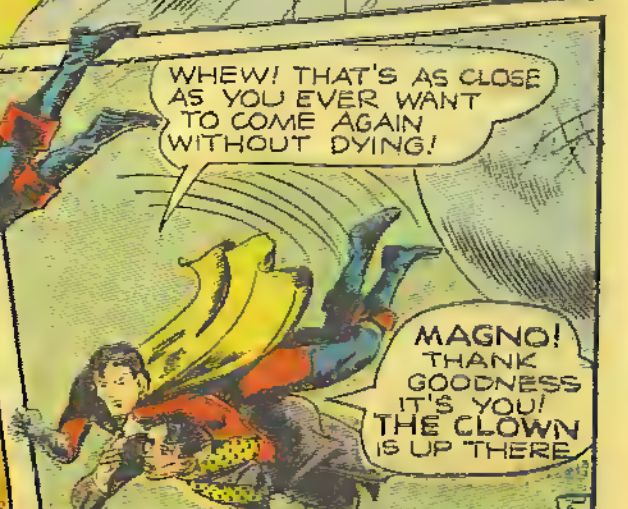
I'M SAVED! THE
APPARATUS!
SOMEONE'S
TURNED ON THE
APPARATUS!



I'M NOT SAVED! I CAN'T
STOP SLIDING... I'LL STILL
FALL TO MY DEATH!



WHAT KIND OF
FANTASTIC DREAM
IS THAT! AND
THERE'S A MAN...
FALLING OFF!



WHEW! THAT'S AS CLOSE
AS YOU EVER WANT
TO COME AGAIN
WITHOUT DYING!

MAGNO!
THANK
GOODNESS
IT'S YOU!
THE CLOWN
IS UP THERE

MAGNO! CURSE HIM!
WHERE DID HE
COME
FROM?

THIS IS ONE
TIME HE'S NOT
CATCHING ME!

I'VE GOT TOO MUCH
AT STAKE TO RISK
TANGLING WITH HIM!

RAPIDLY NOW AND I CAN
LOSE HIM! HE'LL RUE THE
DAY THAT HE CAUSED
ME THIS IGNOMINITY!

HE'S
GONE!

PROBABLY LOST
HIMSELF
SOMEWHERE
IN THAT
BUILDING!

MEANWHILE

THE BOY
WHO
CAME
WITH ME...
WHAT
HAPPENED
TO HIM?

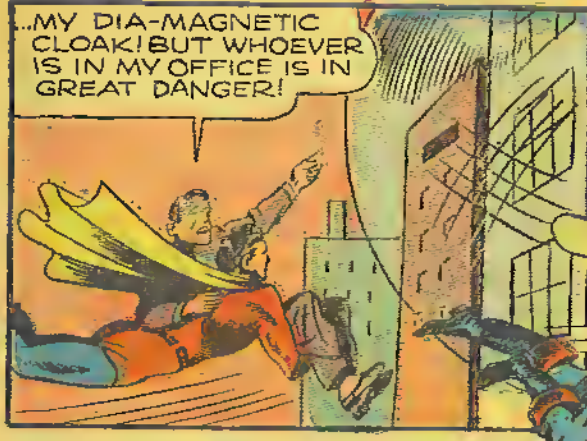
OH, HE MUST
HAVE GOTTEN
SCARED WHEN
HE HEARD THE
CALL FOR HELP!
HE WAS RUNNING
AWAY WHEN
I CAME IN.

WHY..THE
COWARD!
I'LL NEVER
SPEAK TO
HIM
AGAIN!

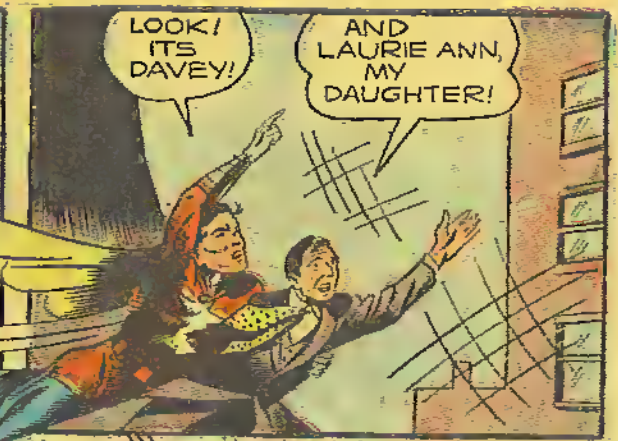
YOU'RE
BEING A
LITTLE
HARSH.
AFTER ALL,
HE'S JUST
A WEAK
LITTLE
SHRIMP OF
AGUY.

WHAT GOES ON
HERE! WHAT IS
THAT SPHERE?
HOW'D IT GET
HERE?

IT'S MY INVENTION
OF AN APPARATUS
CAUSING A SPHERE
OF ELECTRICAL
ENERGY TO EXIST WITHIN
IT AND IS IMPENETRABLE
EXCEPT FOR ONE THING..

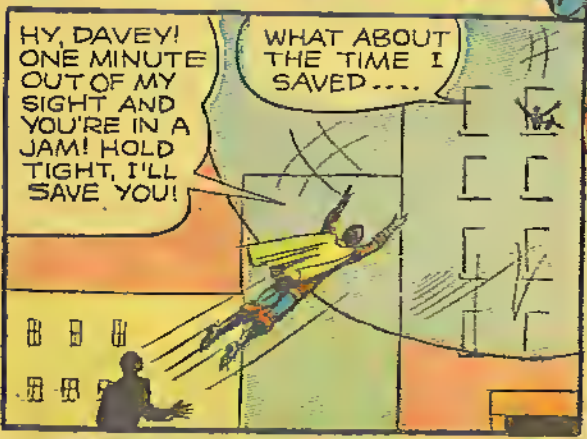


...MY DIA-MAGNETIC CLOAK! BUT WHOEVER IS IN MY OFFICE IS IN GREAT DANGER!



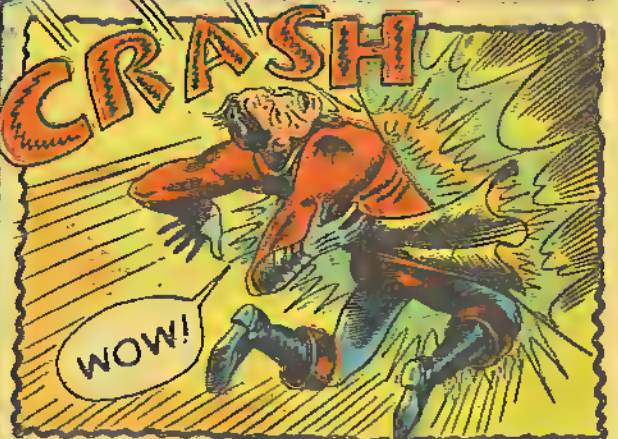
LOOK! IT'S DAVEY!

AND LAURIE ANN, MY DAUGHTER!



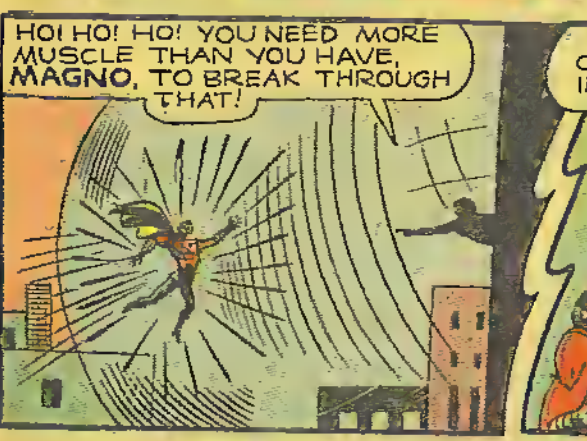
HY, DAVEY! ONE MINUTE OUT OF MY SIGHT AND YOU'RE IN A JAM! HOLD TIGHT, I'LL SAVE YOU!

WHAT ABOUT THE TIME I SAVED...

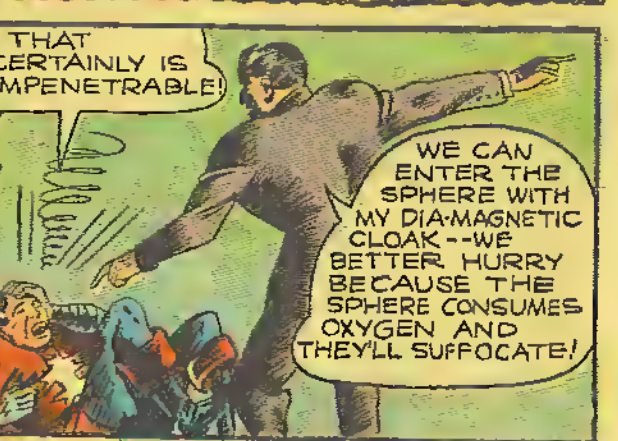


CRASH!

WOW!

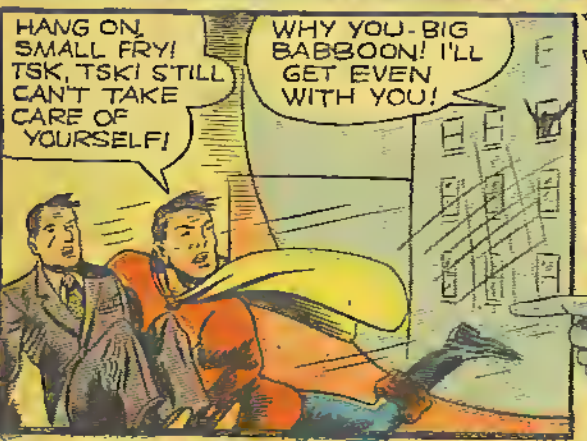


HO! HO! HO! YOU NEED MORE MUSCLE THAN YOU HAVE, MAGNO, TO BREAK THROUGH THAT!



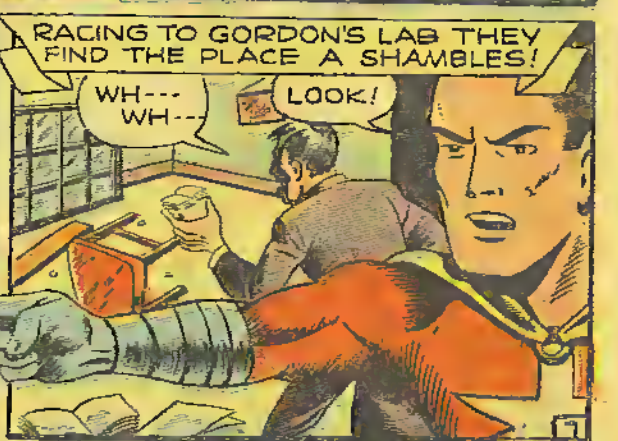
THAT CERTAINLY IS IMPENETRABLE!

WE CAN ENTER THE SPHERE WITH MY DIA-MAGNETIC CLOAK -- WE BETTER HURRY BECAUSE THE SPHERE CONSUMES OXYGEN AND THEY'LL SUFFOCATE!



HANG ON, SMALL FRY! TSK, TSK! STILL CAN'T TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!

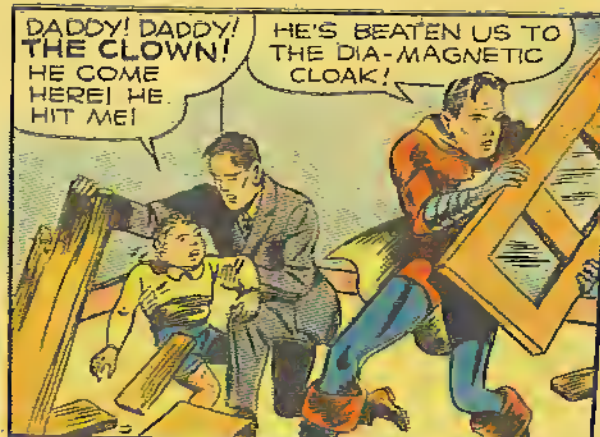
WHY YOU - BIG BABBOON! I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU!



RACING TO GORDON'S LAB THEY FIND THE PLACE A SHAMBLES!

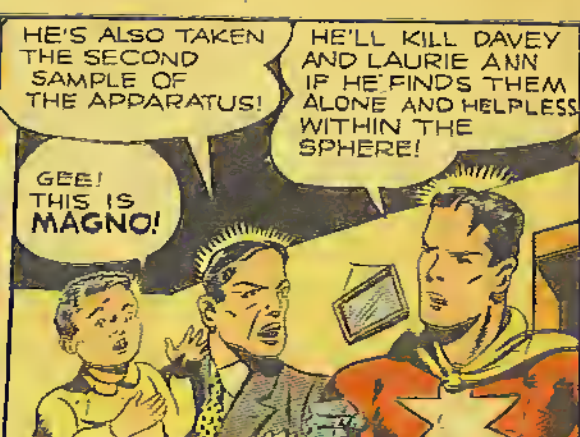
WH--- WH---

LOOK!



DADDY! DADDY!
THE CLOWN!
HE COME
HERE! HE
HIT ME!

HE'S BEATEN US TO
THE DIA-MAGNETIC
CLOAK!



GEE!
THIS IS
MAGNO!

HE'LL KILL DAVEY
AND LAURIE ANN
IF HE FINDS THEM
ALONE AND HELPLESS
WITHIN THE
SPHERE!

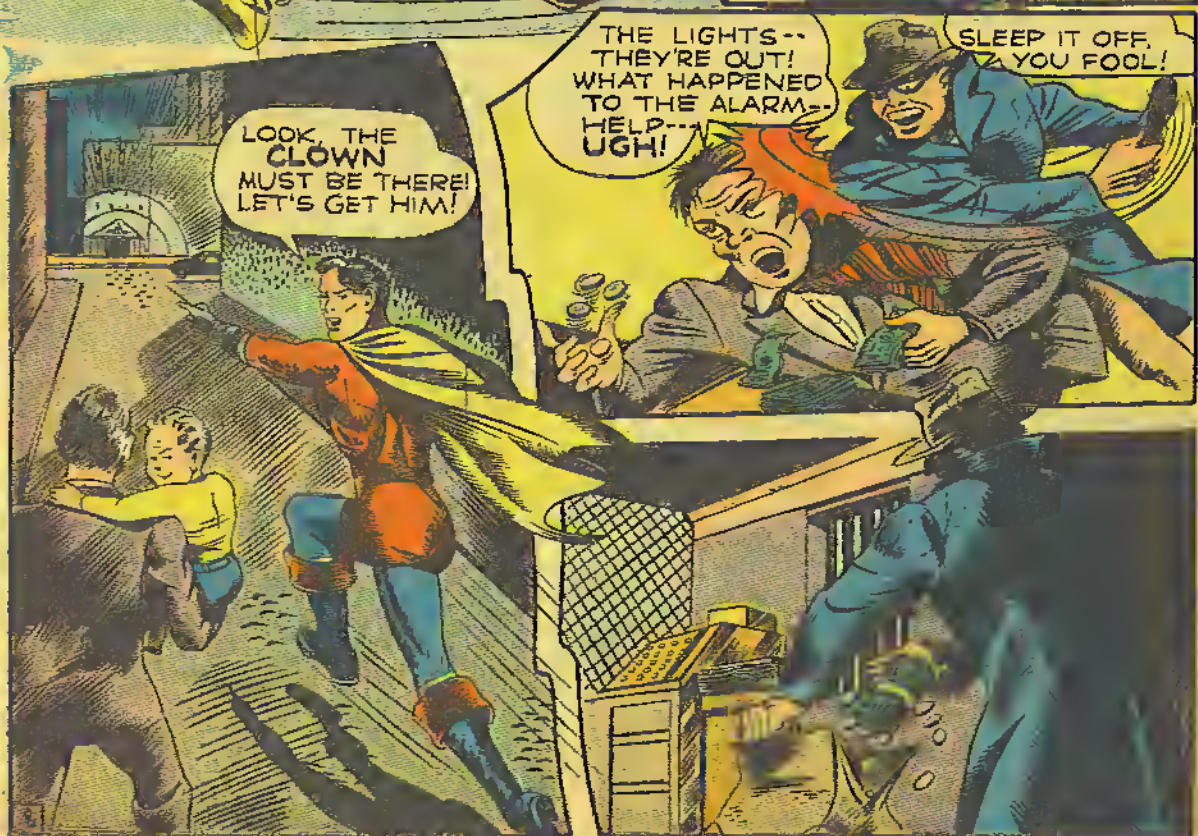


WITH THESE IN MY POSSESSION I
CAN LOOT THE WHOLE COUNTRY!
BUT FIRST I MUST
GET RID OF MY
ARCH-ENEMIES
MAGNO
AND **DAVEY!**



NOW TO CASH IN!
NO ONE WILL
DREAM THAT
THE KEY TO
MY POWER IS
IN THIS
INCONSPICUOUS
BAG!

CLICK



LOOK, THE
CLOWN
MUST BE THERE!
LET'S GET HIM!

THE LIGHTS--
THEY'RE OUT!
WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE ALARM--
HELP--
UGH!

SLEEP IT OFF,
YOU FOOL!

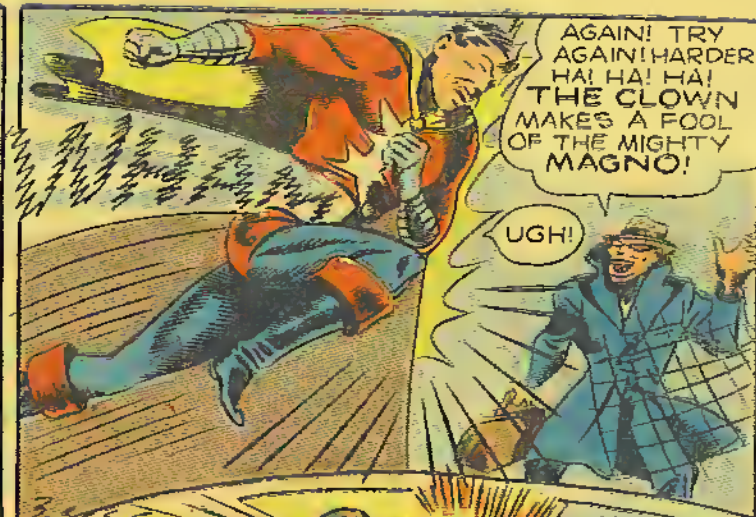


THERE HE IS!

COME AND GET ME! IF YOU CAN!

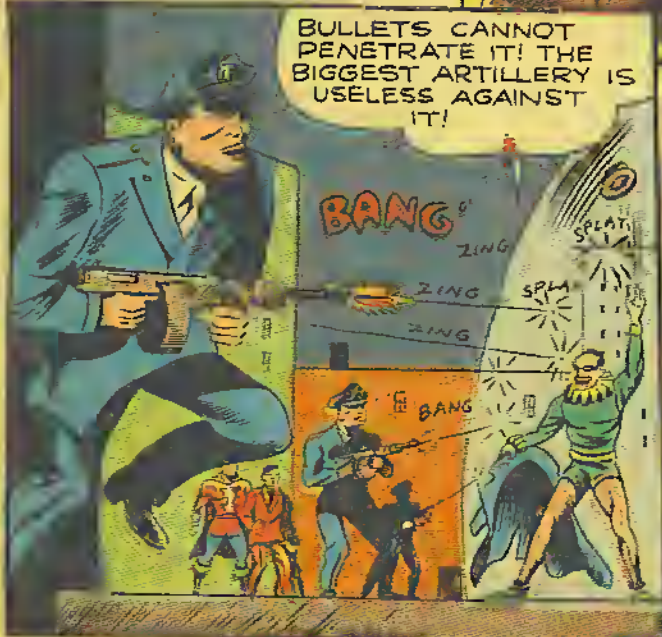
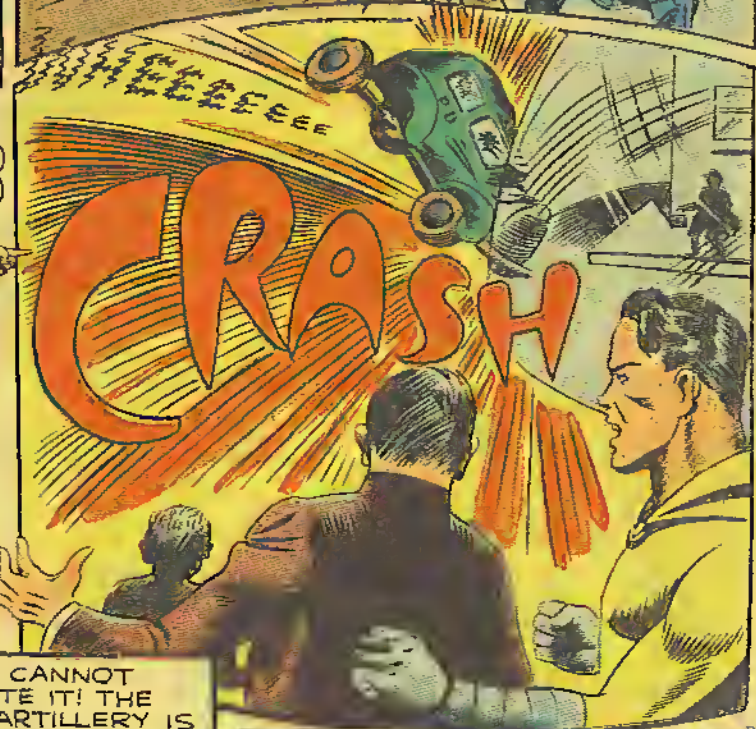
IT'S NO USE! YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY BREAK THROUGH!

LOOK!



AGAIN! TRY AGAIN! HARDER HAI HAI HAI! THE CLOWN MAKES A FOOL OF THE MIGHTY MAGNO!

UGH!



BULLETS CANNOT PENETRATE IT! THE BIGGEST ARTILLERY IS USELESS AGAINST IT!

BANG

ZING

ZING

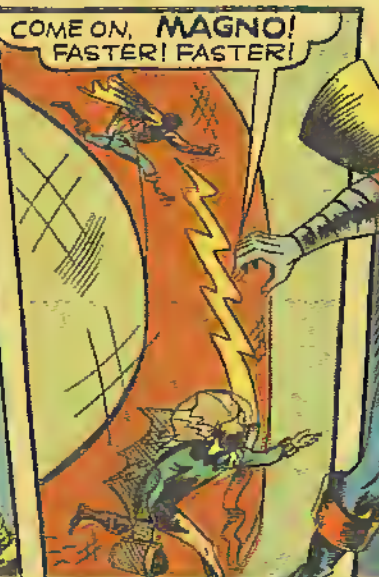
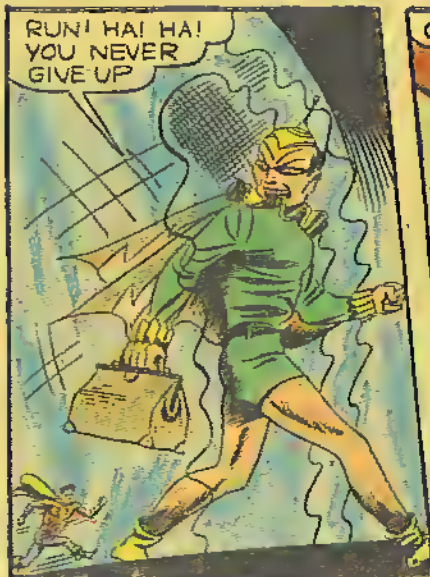
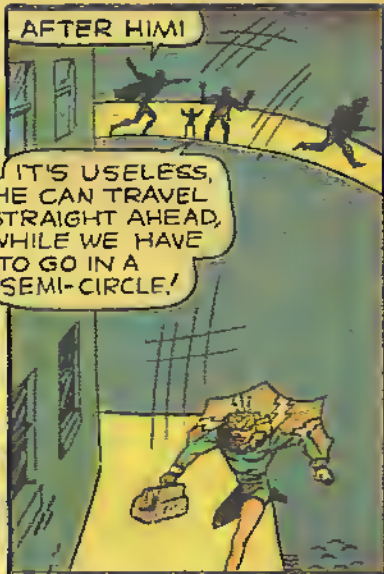
ZING

BANG

SPLO



NOW TO PLAY MY ACE IN THE HOLE!



MEANWHILE DAVEY AND LAURIE WEAKENED BY THE LACK OF AIR AWAIT AID --- OR DEATH!

MAGNO'LL BE HERE-- HE PROMISED-- HE'LL COME FOR US!

I-I'M VERY WEAK!

BUT MAGNO IS NOT COMING TO THEIR AID.. INSTEAD THE CLOWN, WITH THE DIA-MAGNETIC CLOAK, ENTERS THE SPHERE OF POWER....

THE MOMENTARY OPENING IN THE SPHERE OF POWER ALLOWS ENOUGH MAGNETISM TO TEMPORARILY RESTORE DAVEY'S POWERS

MY MAGNETISM! FOR A FLASH I HAD IT AGAIN!

THE CLOWN! HOW DID HE GET IN HERE?

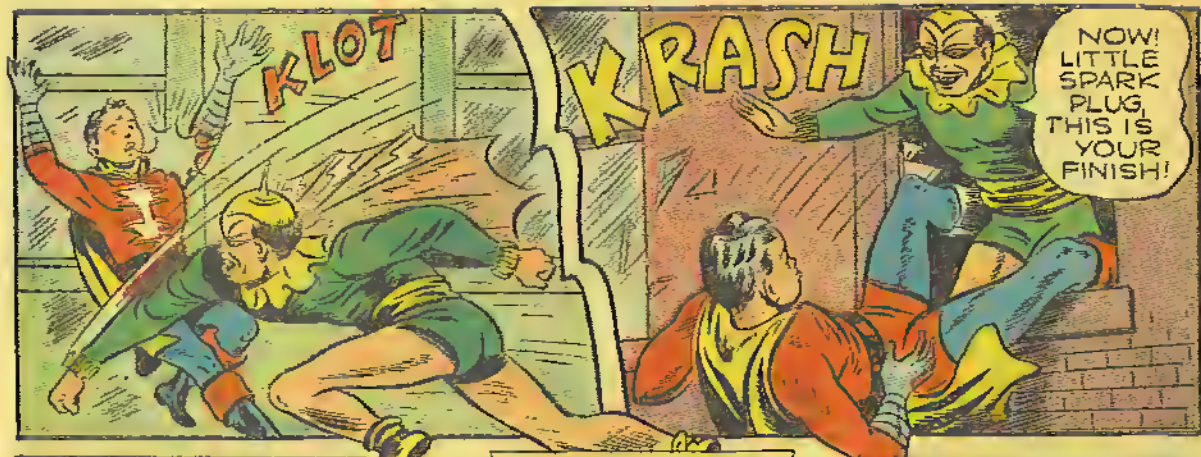
DAVEY, SUMMONING HIS LAST SPARK OF REMAINING STRENGTH DASHES TO THE ATTACK

UGH! DAVEY! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

BUT WHATEVER HE'S DOING HE MEANS NO GOOD TO LAURIE OR MYSELF --- SO HERE GOES

HE'S WEAK! THAT BLOW LACKED HIS USUAL VIGOR!

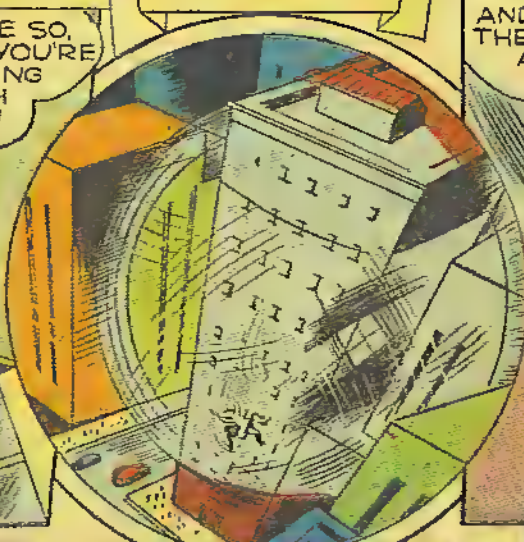
KRASH



REALIZING HE IS FALLING TO HIS DOOM, DAVEY IN A LAST VALIANT EFFORT WRAPS HIS LEGS AROUND THE CLOWN'S BODY

AND DOWN THEY GO HEAD OVER HEELS IN MID AIR

WHAT TH--? WE GO RIGHT THROUGH AND INTO THE OPEN AIR!

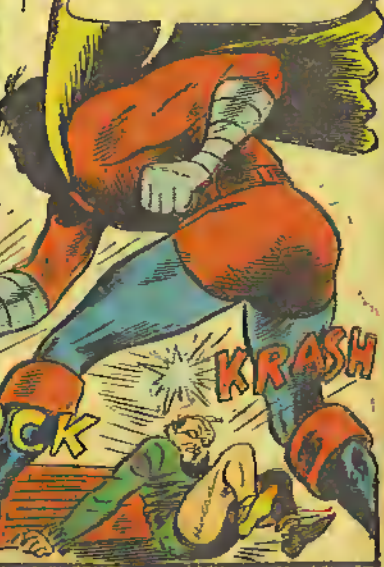


--AND MY POWERS HAVE RETURNED! WOWEE! THIS IS WHERE I FIX YOU

JUST AS THE CLOWN REACHES THE GROUND, DAVEY GRABS HIM-- SOFTENING THE IMPACT

WAIT! I DON'T WANT THE FALL TO KNOCK YOU OUT ENTIRELY..

I WANT THE PLEASURE OF DOING IT MYSELF!

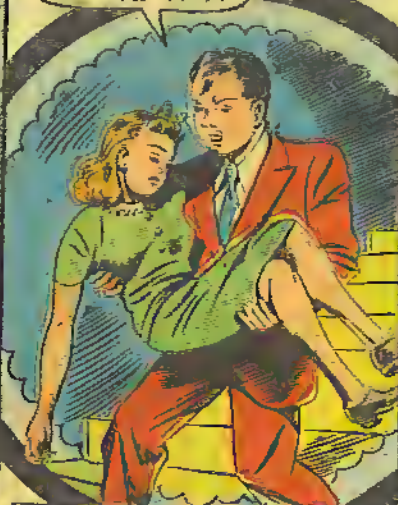


A FEW MINUTES LATER.

YOU'LL KEEP
IN HERE, LONG
ENOUGH FOR
THE COPS TO
COME AND
GET YOU

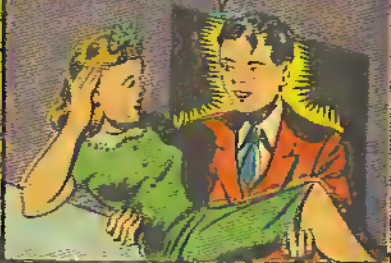


SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS, BUT
THE OUTSIDE AIR WILL
REVIVE HER



YOU!
WHERE'D
YOU. ? I
THOUGHT
YOU RAN
AWAY!

WHO ME? RUN
AWAY!
I JUST HUNG
AROUND TO
HELP THE
LITTLE MAGNETIC
JERK WHEN THE
GOING GOT TOO
TOUGH FOR HIM!
I KNOCKED OUT
THE CLOWN!



LOOK!
OVER
THERE!
ANOTHER
RESULT
OF DAD'S
INVENTION!

LET'S GO! MAYBE
MAGNO IS STUCK
IN THERE AND
I CAN HELP
HIM TOO!



WELL, WELL! MAGNO!
SEEMS YOU'VE GOTTEN
INTO TROUBLE AGAIN.
WELL, BIG
FRY, I'LL
HELP
YOU--

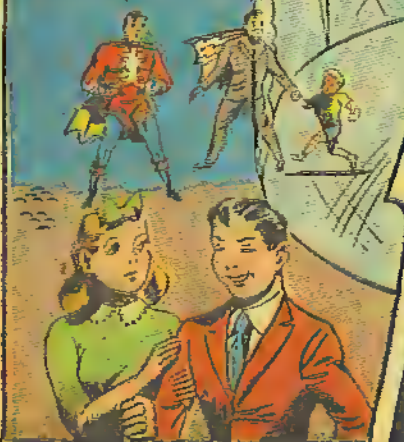


HERE TRY THIS! I
CAUGHT THE CLOWN TOO!
ANY TIME YOU AND YOUR
PAL, DAVEY, NEED HELP
DON'T HESITATE
TO CALL
ON ME!



I'LL BE-- HE
CERTAINLY
MADE ME
EAT MY GAG
THIS TIME!

LAURIE'S
GOT A
FELLA!
LAURIE'S
GOT A
FELLA!



YOU KNOW, I'LL LET YOU
IN ON SOMETHING...

I
HAVE!

ERIC'S
RIGHT!



FOLLOW
MAGNO
AND
DAVEY
FOR LAUGHS
THRILLS AND
BLOOD -
CHILLING
ADVENTURES
IN

SUPER
MYSTERY
AND
4 FAVORITES

DR. NEMESIS

I'M DODD, MR. CLARK'S BUTLER. I JUST DO WHAT I'M TOLD BUT SOMEONE TOLD ME THAT I'M GOING TO DIE!

I'M DR. JIM BRADLEY, I'M THE UNINVITED GUEST AT THIS PARTY... DEATH DIDN'T EXPECT ME!

ME, I'M FRANK JASON. I'VE FACED DEATH AND I'VE KILLED. BUT ALWAYS IN THE JUNGLE!

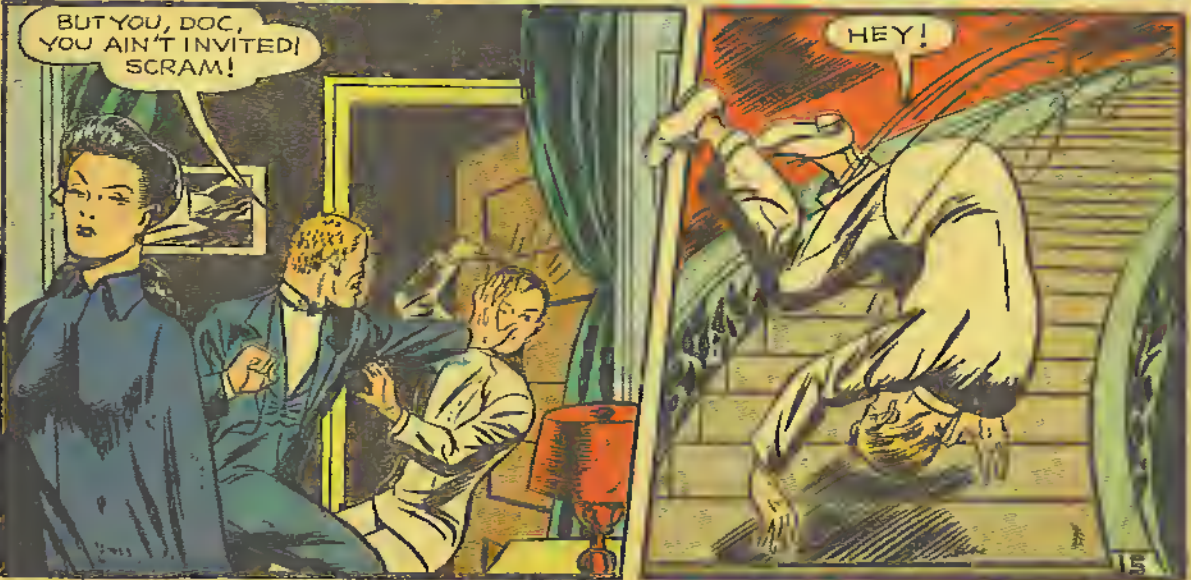
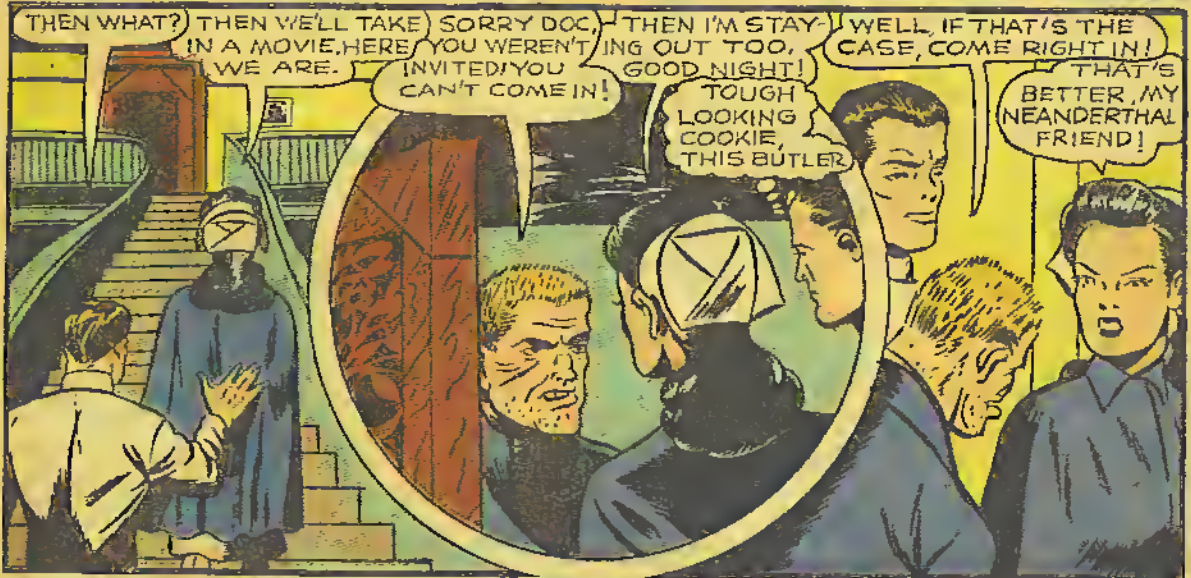
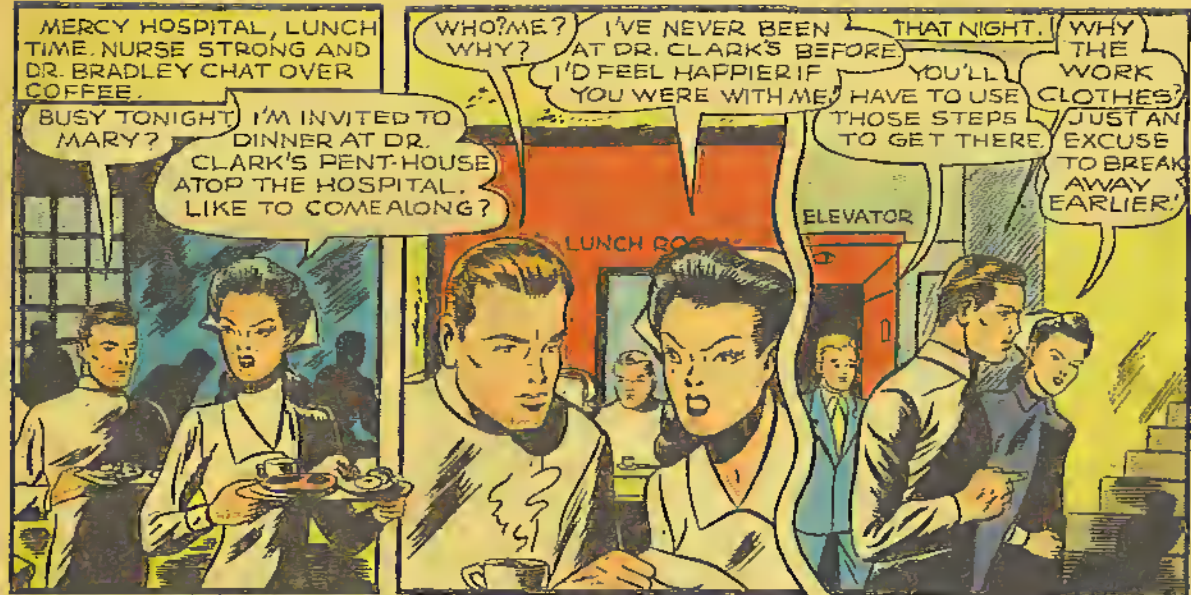
I'M NURSE MARY STRONG. SURELY I DIDN'T ASK DR. BRADLEY TO THIS GRUESOME DINNER JUST TO WATCH HIM DIE!

I'M JIMMY FLEMING. HOLLYWOOD CALLS ME THE GORGEOUS MAN! I DON'T WANT TO KILL, AND I AM AFRAID TO DIE!

I'M DR. OGDEN. DR. CLARK WAS MY FRIEND. WHAT REASON WOULD I HAVE TO KILL?

I'M LAWYER KEENE. I SENT THE INVITATIONS TO THIS PARTY, BUT I DIDN'T INVITE DEATH!

DEATH WAS HOST AT THIS GRIM AND GRUESOME DINNER, AMONG THOSE CHOSEN TO BE THE BLACK ONE'S GUESTS WAS NURSE MARY STRONG! COULD THE LAW-BRINGING TRUTH SERUM OF DR. NEMESIS SAVE HER FROM A TERRIBLE FATE, WHEN DEATH LURKED IN EVERY CORNER, AND THE ONLY TRUTH WAS IN A COFFIN?



YOU'RE GOIN' TO A PARTY,
BUT THIS IS TOO EARLY TO
START PLAYIN' GAMES!

JIM! OH!
OUCH!

STOP! YOU'RE HURTING
ME!

AIN'T THAT
SAD! IT WON'T DO
YOU OR THE DOC
ANY GOOD TO
BANG!

MEANWHILE---

MARY'S IN SOMETHING
THAT DOESN'T LOOK
GOOD-- I THINK DR.
NEMESIS OUGHT TO
VISIT DR. CLARK'S
TOO-PRIVATE PARTY!

AS LONG AS THAT DOOR IS
BARRED, I GUESS THIS IS THE
BEST WAY OF GETTING THERE!

OUCH! SAY WHAT
GOES ON
HERE?

WHAT IS THE
MEANING OF THIS?

DON'T BE ALARMED! I'M DR. CLARK'S
ATTORNEY. DR. CLARK IS OLD AND
ECCENTRIC. HE WANTS CERTAIN
PEOPLE HERE TONIGHT, IT'S
DODD'S JOB TO SEE THAT ONLY
THEY ARE HERE. LET'S ALL
GO TO DINNER!

WHERE IS
DR. CLARK?

DR. CLARK IS UNABLE TO
ATTEND. HE DIED THIS
AFTERNOON. TONIGHT
DEATH SITS IN THAT CHAIR!





YOU ARE HIS HEIRS, BUT WHY ME, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU MAY NOT HAVE KNOWN
THIS DINNER WAS OF ALL THE HIM AT ALL HIM, BUT HE KNEW ALL OF YOU!
HIS LAST NURSE'S IN TO FRANK JASON I LEAVE AN ENVELOPE
WISH! THE HOSPITAL? I HARDLY IN MY DESK DRAWER, AND ALL IT
KNEW THE MAN! CONTAINS!



I DON'T GET IT! WELL, OPEN THE DRAWER. LET'S SEE WHAT IT IS!



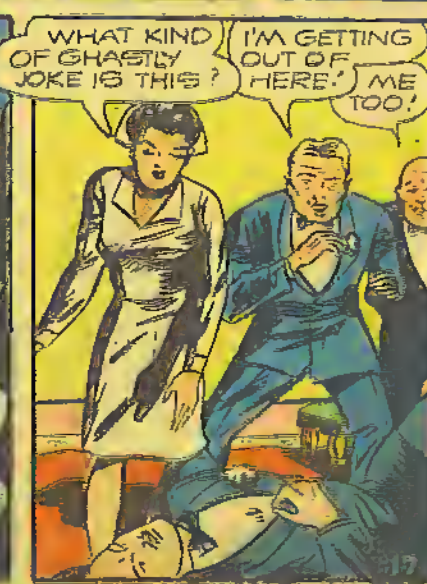
I STILL DON'T KNOW---



WHY---



-- HE -- PICKED -- ON ME -- UGH!



WHAT KIND OF GHASTLY JOKE IS THIS? I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! ME TOO!



LOCKED! THE DOOR IS LOCKED!

LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT!



OPEN THIS DOOR! WHO LOCKED IT?

DODD! WHERE'S DODD! IF THE DOOR WON'T OPEN A WINDOW WILL



SOUNDS LIKE PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT! HMM! THAT'S A HEAVY SCREEN!



LET ME OUT OF HERE! LET ME OUT!

JIMMY FLEMING! HOLLYWOOD'S GORGEOUS MAN, AND PLENTY SCARED!

YIIIIII!

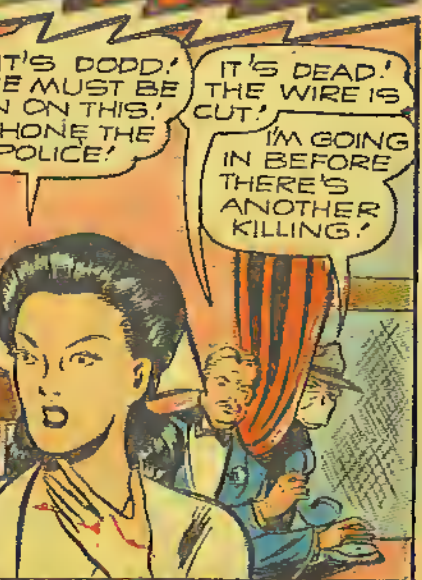


ELECTROCUTED! DR. CLARK IS TRYING TO KILL US ALL! HE'S COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE TO GET US!

BUT WHY?



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! A SECOND SOONER AND I WOULD HAVE FRIED!



IT'S DODD! HE MUST BE IN ON THIS! PHONE THE POLICE!

IT'S DEAD! THE WIRE IS CUT!

I'M GOING IN BEFORE THERE'S ANOTHER KILLING!

SOMEONE ON THE TERRACE!
THE BOSS WASN'T
COUNTING ON THIS!

BETTER SEE WHO IT IS---
MAYBE SOMEONE WHO
NEEDS ERASING!



THAT'S FOR THE TRIP DOWN
THE STEPS, MY FRIEND. I'LL TAKE
YOUR GUN AND SEE WHAT
GOES ON INSIDE!

DR.
NEMESIS!

SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS
BLACK OUT!

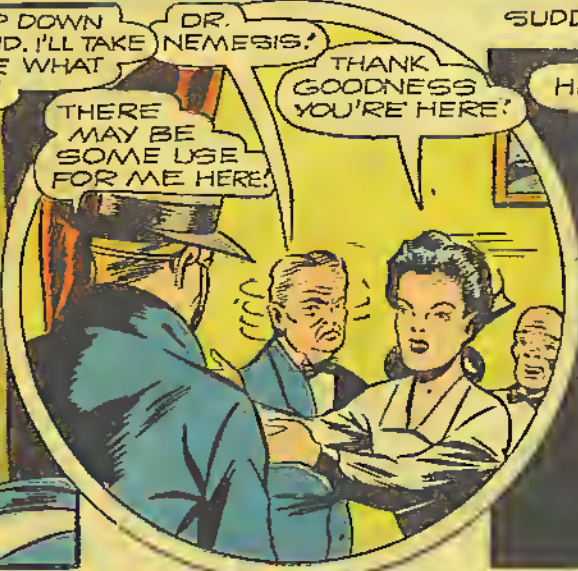


THERE
MAY BE
SOME USE
FOR ME HERE!

THANK
GOODNESS
YOU'RE HERE!

HEY!

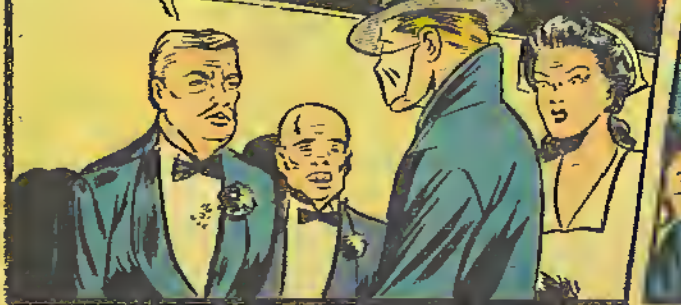
EVERYONE
STAY WHERE
YOU ARE!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE LIGHTS FLASH ON
AGAIN!

EVERYONE O.K.? MUST HAVE BEEN
CHANGING DYNAMOS--- I THINK DODD, THE
BUTLER CAN TELL US WHO THE KILLER IS!

GOOD IDEA! DR. CLARK
COULD HAVE PLANTED THOSE
DEATH TRAPS BEFORE
HE DIED!



GREAT HEAVENS! IT'S DODD!
HANGED!

SOMEONE
KILLED HIM!



THIS KILLING ELIMINATES THE DEAD DR. CLARK, LEAVING YOU THREE. ONE OF YOU IS THE KILLER!

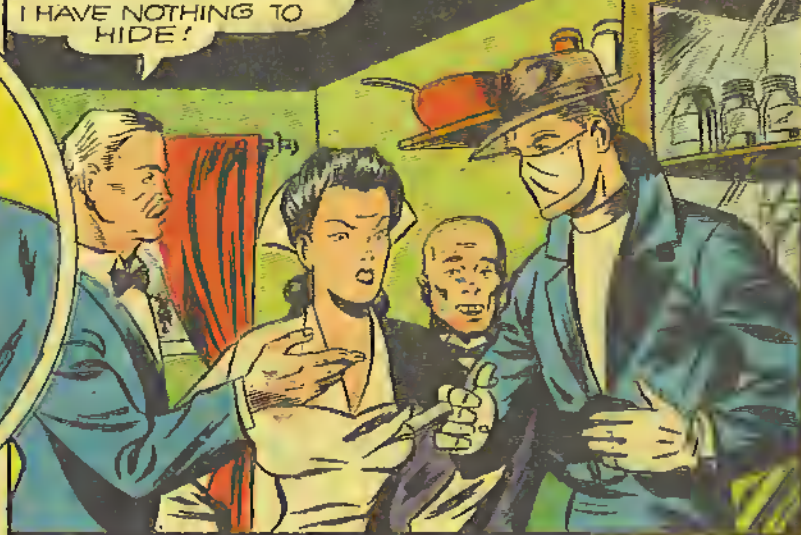
DODD WAS KILLED DURING THE DARKNESS. NURSE STRONG IS THEREFORE NOT A SUSPECT. SHE'S NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO HAVE DONE IT IN SO SHORT A TIME!

ONE OF YOU IS A MURDERER! NOW, I HAVE A SIMPLE METHOD OF DISCOVERING WHOM!



THE TRUTH SERUM!

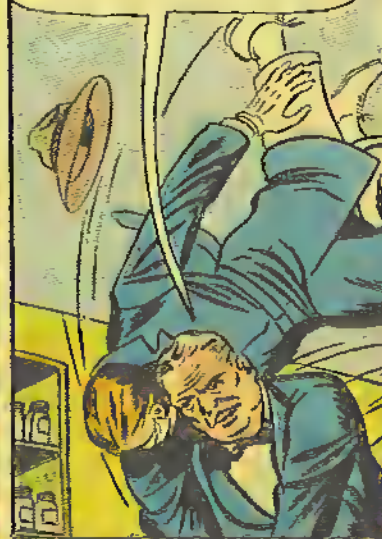
INJECT THE SERUM! I HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE!



THIS IS CALLED...

-- THE FLYING MARE!

SO, THE GREAT DR. NEMISIS! NOW YOU CAN DIE ALONG WITH THESE OTHERS!





AND SUPPOSING I DON'T WANT TO...

NOW D...



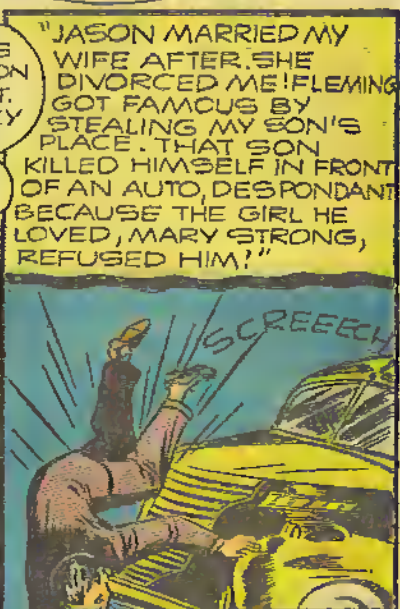
UGH!

AND I OBJECT, LIKE THIS!

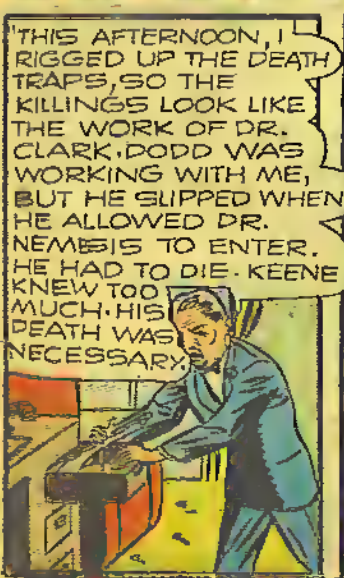


THIS SERUM WILL CAUSE HIM TO GIVE US THE WHY'S AND WHERE-FORES OF HIS MURDER ESCAPADES!

I ARRANGED ALL OF THIS TO WREAK VENGEANCE ON THE PEOPLE I HATED MOST. DR. CLARK HAD THE MONEY AND FAME THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN MINE. I KILLED HIM, THEN I CALLED KEENE AND HAD HIM DRAW UP THE WILL.



"JASON MARRIED MY WIFE AFTER SHE DIVORCED ME! FLEMING GOT FAMOUS BY STEALING MY SON'S PLACE. THAT SON KILLED HIMSELF IN FRONT OF AN AUTO, DESPONDANT BECAUSE THE GIRL HE LOVED, MARY STRONG, REFUSED HIM!"



"THIS AFTERNOON, I RIGGED UP THE DEATH TRAPS, SO THE KILLINGS LOOK LIKE THE WORK OF DR. CLARK. DODD WAS WORKING WITH ME, BUT HE SLIPPED WHEN HE ALLOWED DR. NEMESIS TO ENTER. HE HAD TO DIE. KEENE KNEW TOO MUCH. HIS DEATH WAS NECESSARY.



TAKE OVER, GIVE HIM TO THE POLICE. THEY CAN GATHER THE BODIES AND EXECUTE HIM! SO LONG!

NEXT DAY--

THAT SHOVE WAS INSISTANT. I HAD TO LEAVE! WHAT COULD I DO?

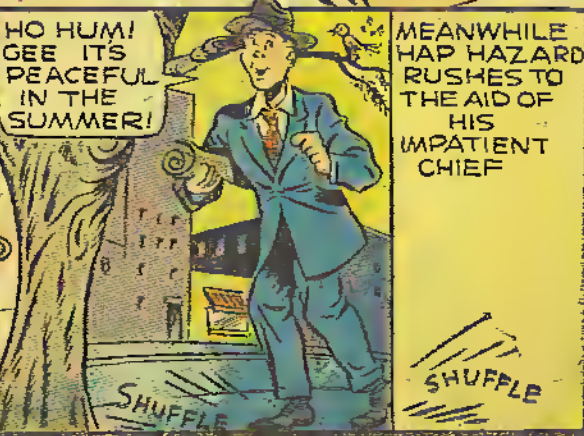
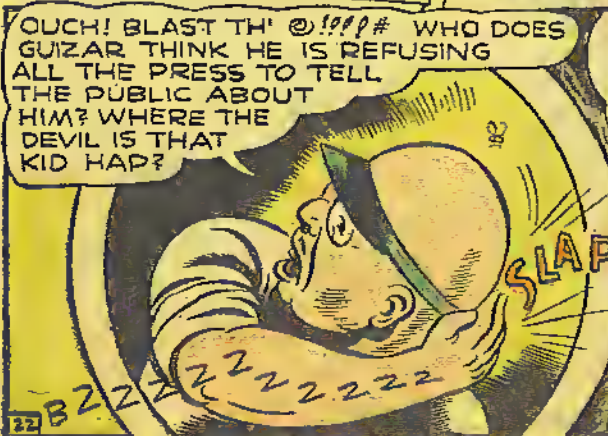
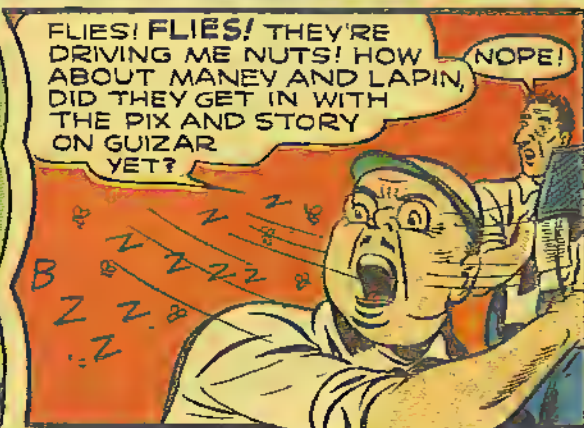
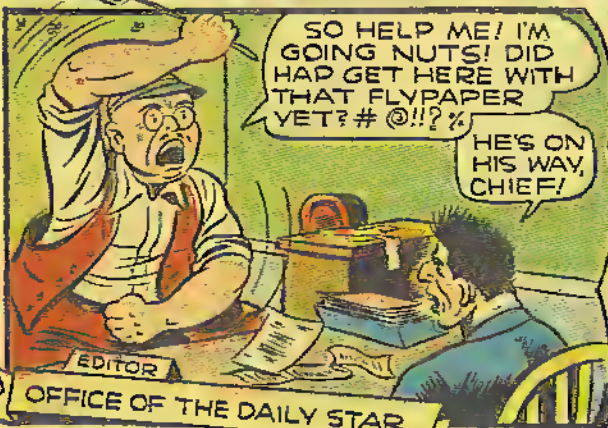
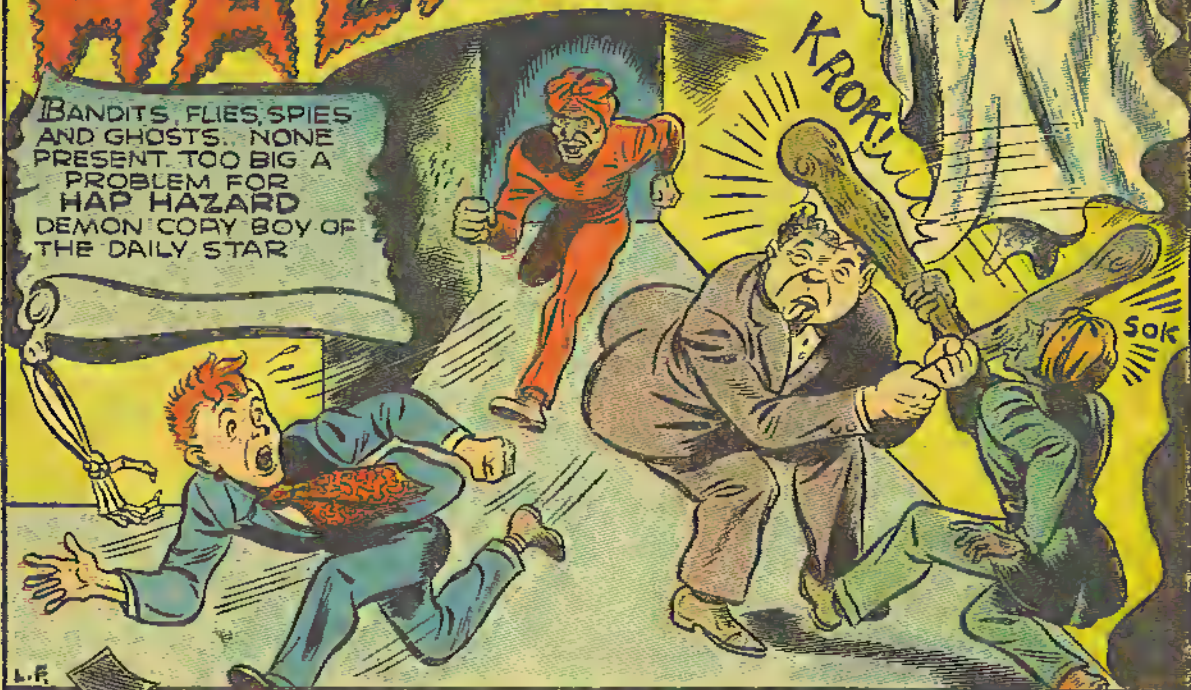
YOU COULDN'T DO ANYTHING. BUT DR NEMESIS DID!

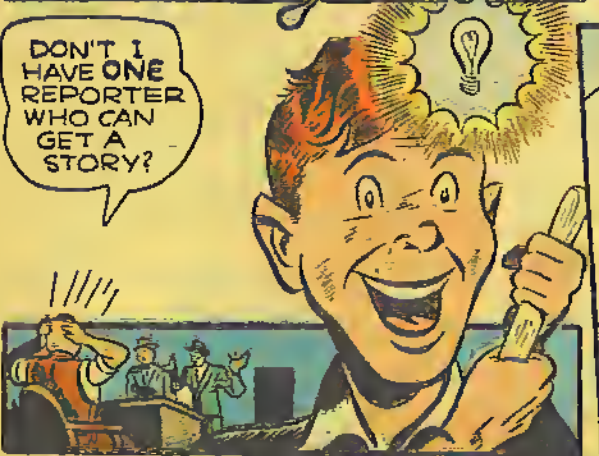
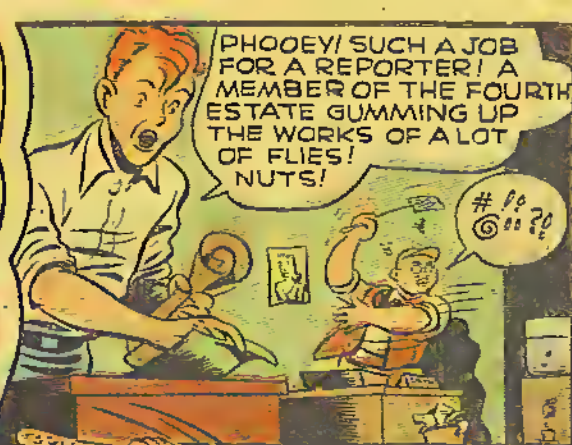
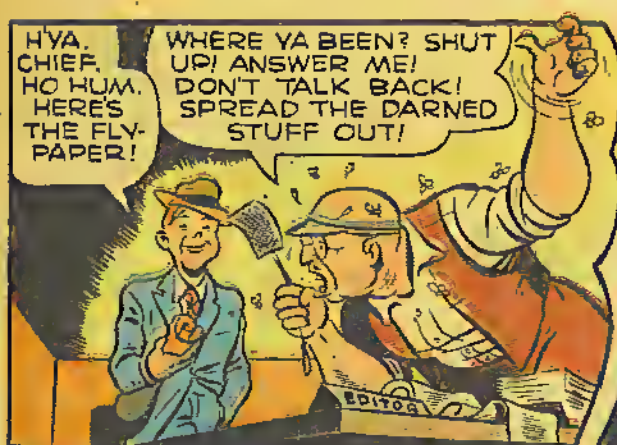


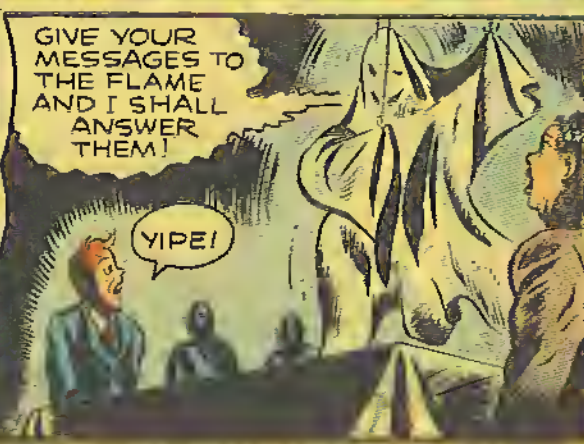
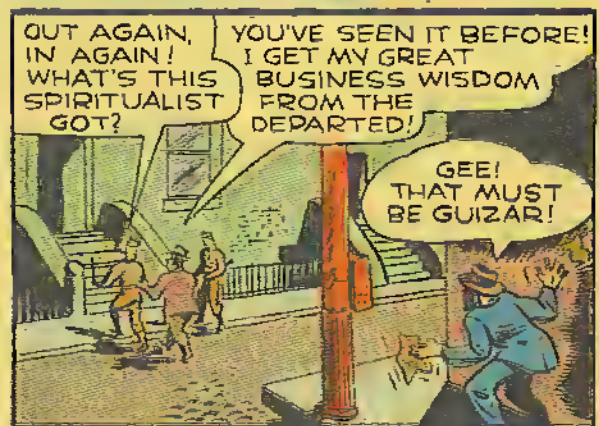
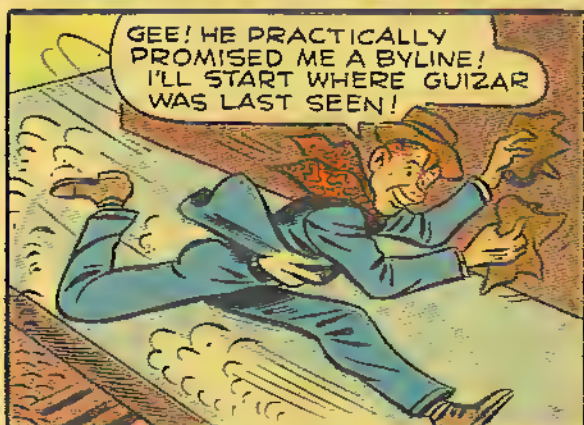
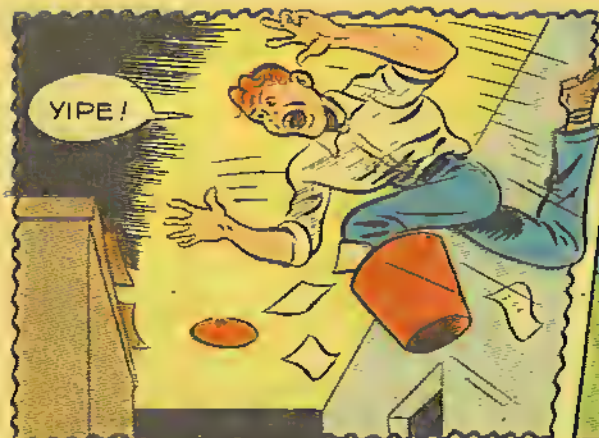
GOOD VS. EVIL!
DR. NEMESIS FIGHTS THE FORCES OF BAD IN
SUPER-MYSTERY
!

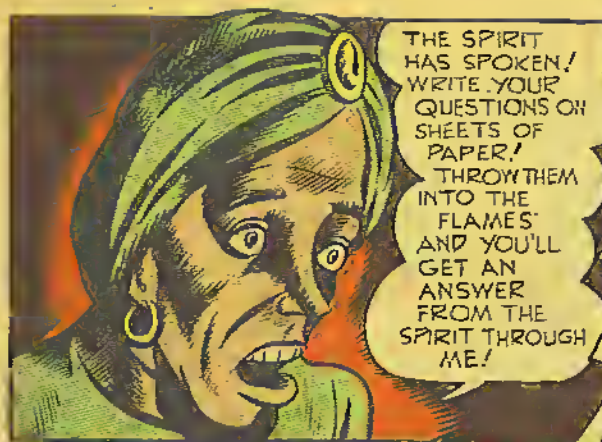
HAP HAZARD

BANDITS, FLIES, SPIES
AND GHOSTS. NONE
PRESENT TOO BIG A
PROBLEM FOR
HAP HAZARD
DEMON CORY BOY OF
THE DAILY STAR









THE SPIRIT HAS SPOKEN! WRITE YOUR QUESTIONS ON SHEETS OF PAPER! THROW THEM INTO THE FLAMES AND YOU'LL GET AN ANSWER FROM THE SPIRIT THROUGH ME!



I BETTER ASK HIM SOMETHING! GEE! NOW THE FLYPAPER STUFF. GOT THE TABLECLOTH STUCK!



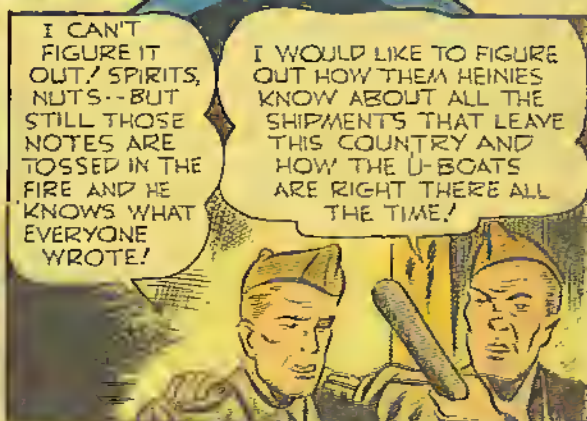
GOSH WHAT A MESS! GOOD THING IT'S DARK SO THEY WON'T NOTICE ANYTHING!



NOW INTO THE FIRE! NO MORTAL HAS SEEN YOUR QUESTIONS, BUT YOURSELVES! HOWEVER THE SPIRITS SHALL SEE THEM!

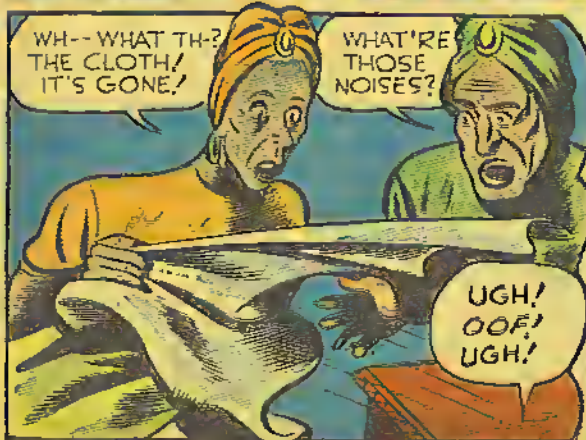


NOW IF EVERYONE WILL LEAVE, I SHALL CONTACT THE SPIRIT AND GET THE ANSWERS TO YOUR QUESTIONS!



I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT! SPIRITS, NUTS--BUT STILL THOSE NOTES ARE TOSSED IN THE FIRE AND HE KNOWS WHAT EVERYONE WROTE!

I WOULD LIKE TO FIGURE OUT HOW THEM HEINIES KNOW ABOUT ALL THE SHIPMENTS THAT LEAVE THIS COUNTRY AND HOW THE U-BOATS ARE RIGHT THERE ALL THE TIME!



WH--WHAT TH? THE CLOTH! IT'S GONE!

WHAT'RE THOSE NOISES?

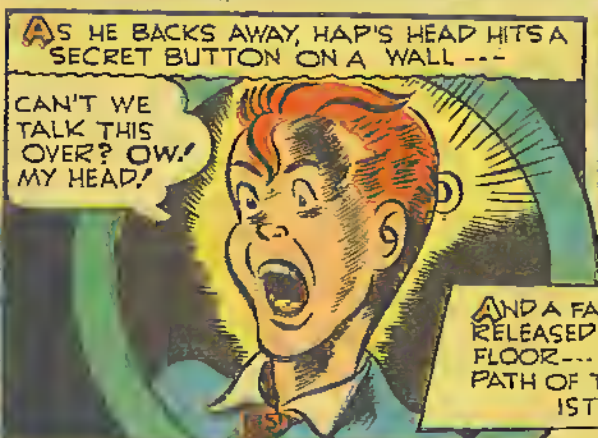
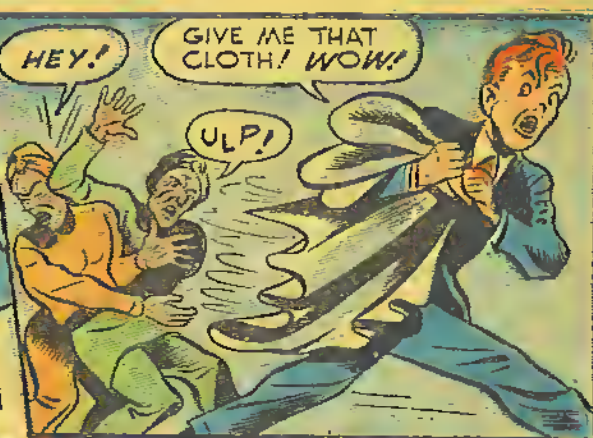
UGH! OOF! UGH!

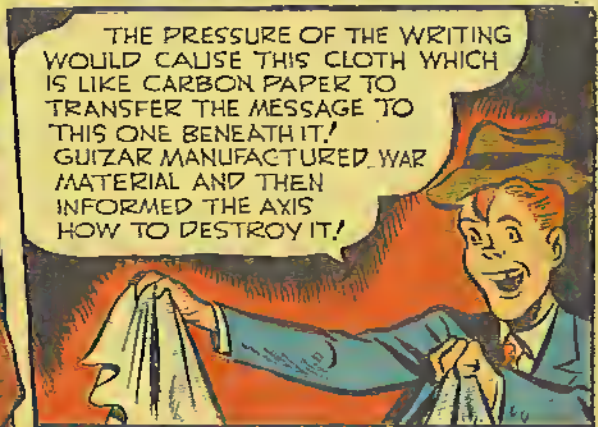
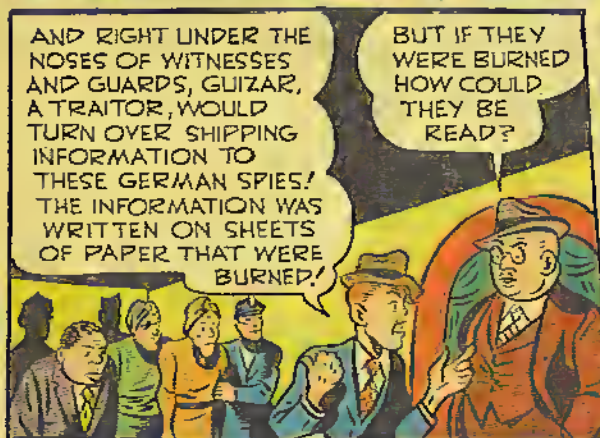


WHAT'S THIS?

IT'S THE CLOTH!

MMFGH! UGH! GLUPH!





The

SWORD



OUR STORY OPENS WITH A FREIGHT TRAIN PULLING INTO THE TOWN OF LAKEVILLE, HOME OF THE LAKE AIRCRAFT COMPANY



BEAT IT BO! THE RAILROADS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE PAID FOR TRANSPORTING PASSENGERS!



GADZOOKS, SIR I STAND ON MY CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS!

ULP! EGAD! SPLUT!



WORD

WHO WAS THE WANDERING HOBO, MOE LYNNE, THE SLEIGHT OF HAND ARTIST, JUGGLER, AND TELLER OF TALL TALES...AND WHAT EFFECT WOULD HIS APPEARANCE IN THE SMALL TOWN OF LAKEVILLE HAVE ON THE LIVES OF THE SWORD AND LANCER?



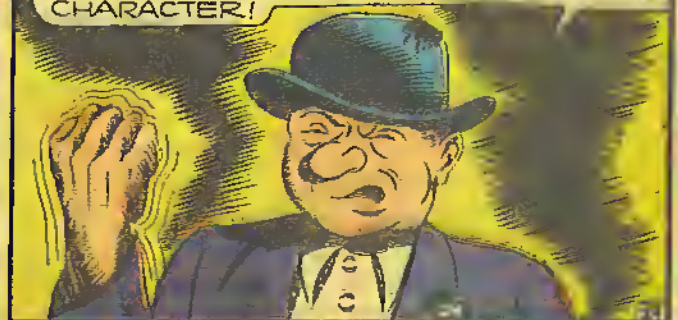
RAIL-
CLOSED
GADZOOKS, S
I STAND ON N
CONSTITUTION
RIGHTS!

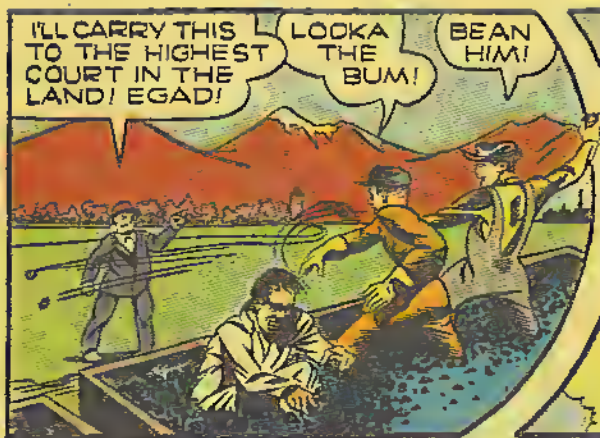


ULP! EGAD! SPLUT! SPLUT!



EGAD SIR, THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! THE RAILROAD LINE WILL HEAR FROM MY BARRISTER. I'LL SUE FOR DEFAMATION CHARACTER!

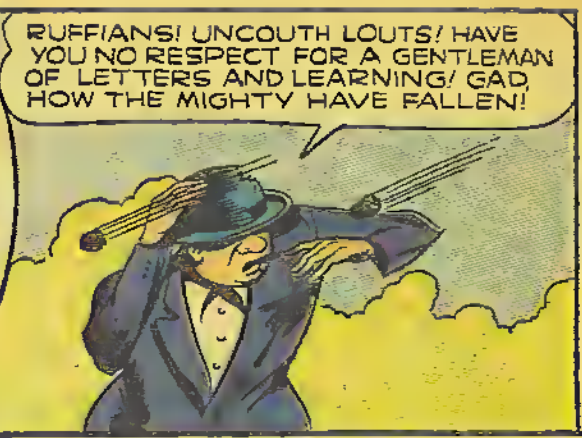




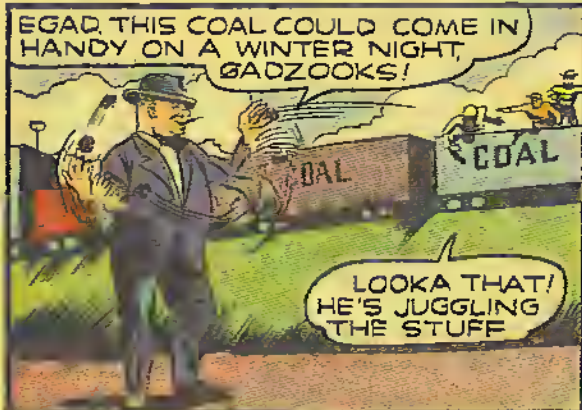
I'LL CARRY THIS TO THE HIGHEST COURT IN THE LAND! EGAD!

LOOKA THE BUM!

BEAN HIM!



RUFFIANS! UNCOUTH LOOTS! HAVE YOU NO RESPECT FOR A GENTLEMAN OF LETTERS AND LEARNING! GAD, HOW THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN!

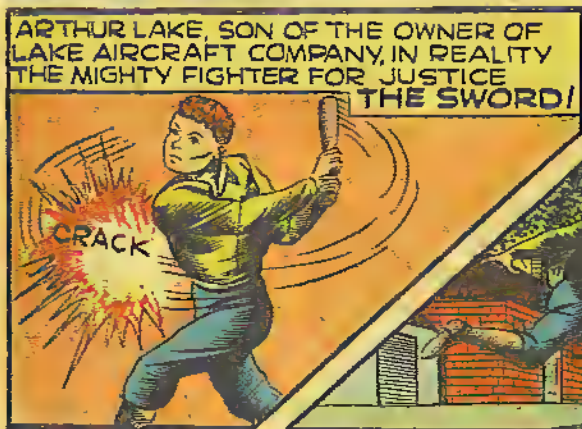


EGAD, THIS COAL COULD COME IN HANDY ON A WINTER NIGHT, GADZOOKS!

LOOKA THAT! HE'S JUGGLING THE STUFF

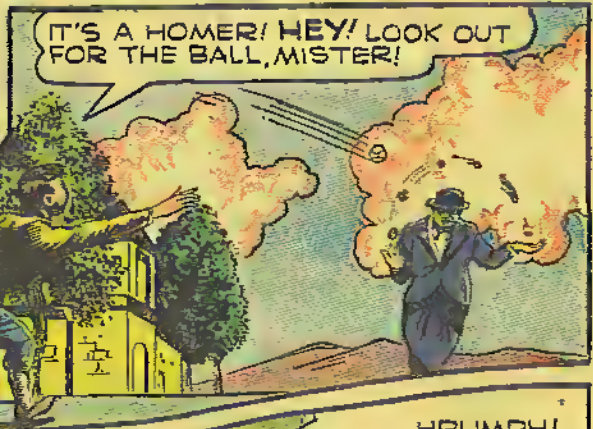


HRUMPH! I'LL WRITE TO THE PRESIDENT AND DEMAND MY RIGHTS, EGAD!

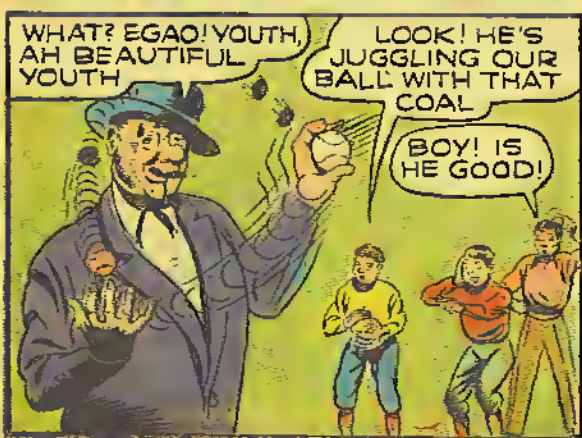


ARTHUR LAKE, SON OF THE OWNER OF LAKE AIRCRAFT COMPANY, IN REALITY THE MIGHTY FIGHTER FOR JUSTICE THE SWORD!

CRACK



IT'S A HOMER! HEY! LOOK OUT FOR THE BALL, MISTER!



WHAT? EGAD! YOUTH, AH BEAUTIFUL YOUTH

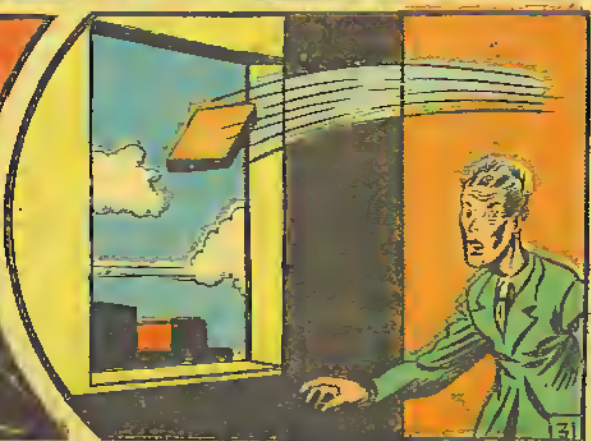
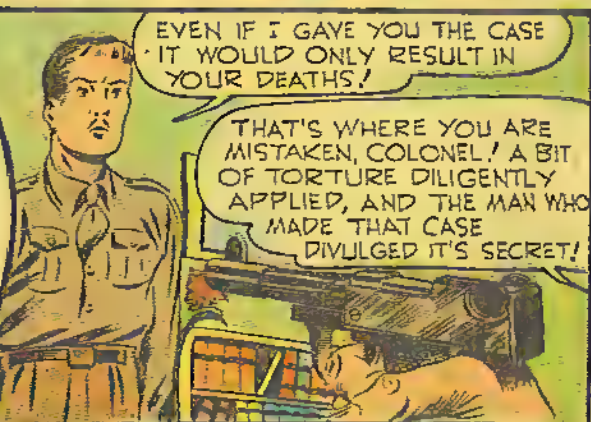
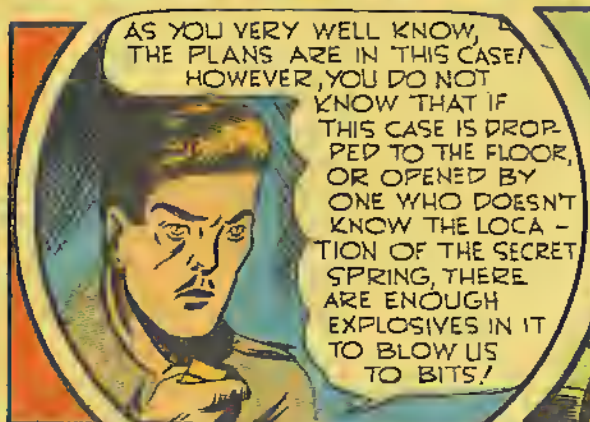
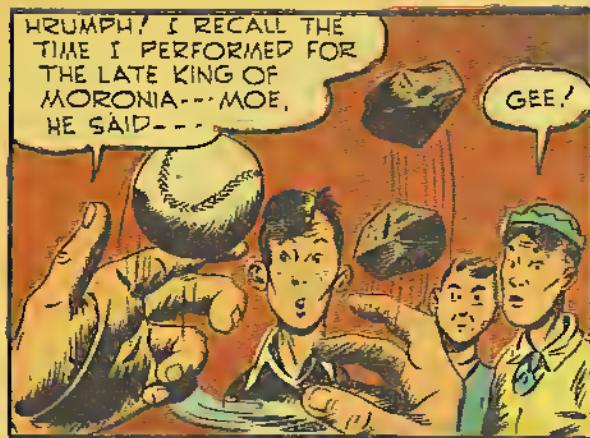
LOOK! HE'S JUGGLING OUR BALL WITH THAT COAL

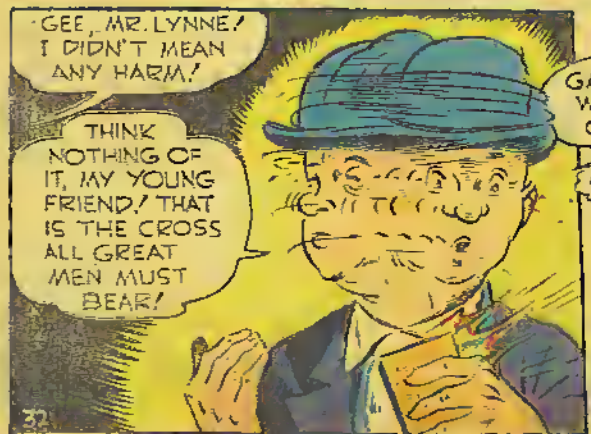
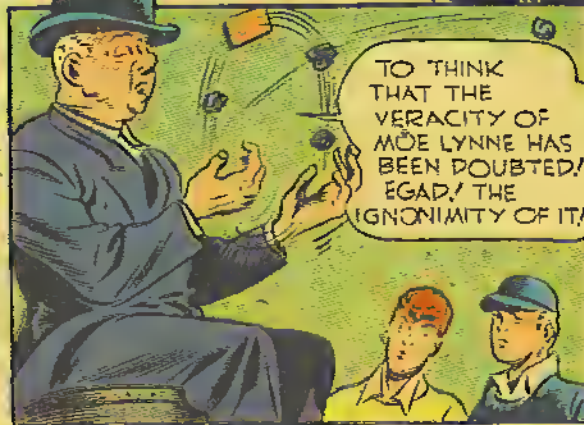
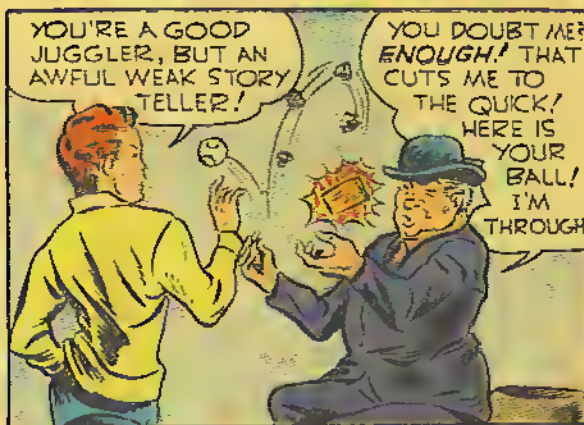
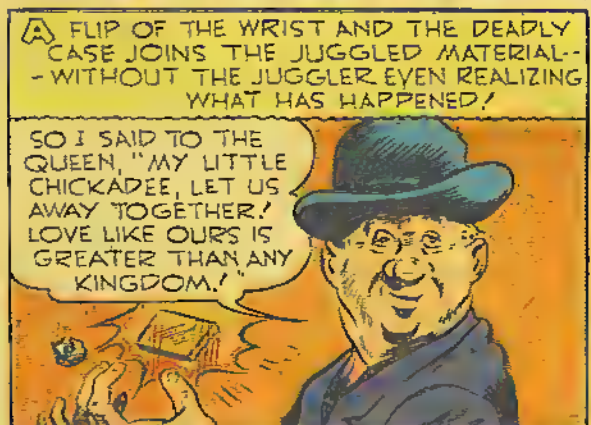
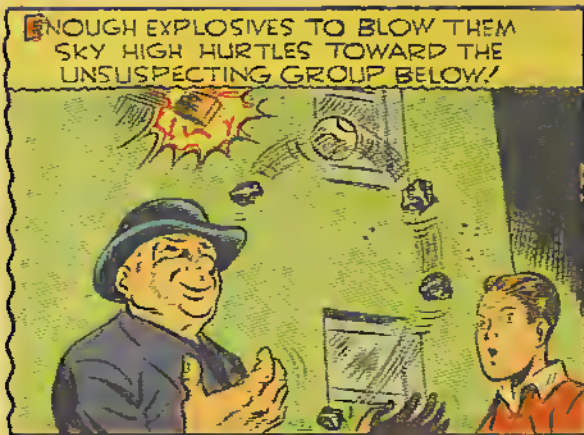
BOY! IS HE GOOD!

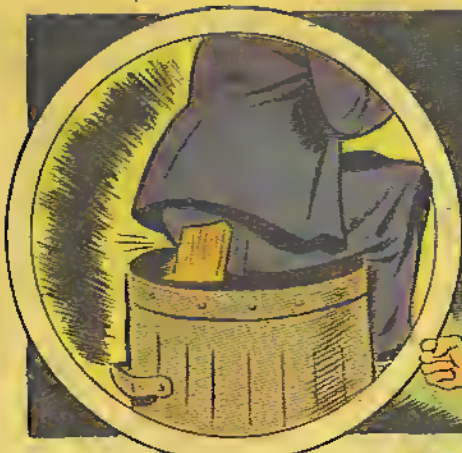


GEE, MISTER, YOU'RE TERRIFIC!

HRUMPH! MOE LYNNE'S THE NAME, MY FINE YOUNG GROUP OF JUVENILE MONSTERS. MOE LYNNE, SLEIGHT OF HAND ARTIST AND JUGGLER, EXTRAORDINARY!







MORGANA! I THOUGHT SHE WAS DEAD! SHE ISN'T DEAD! AND THAT CALLS FOR THE SWORD!

THAT CIGARETTE CASE! IT BELONGS TO ME!

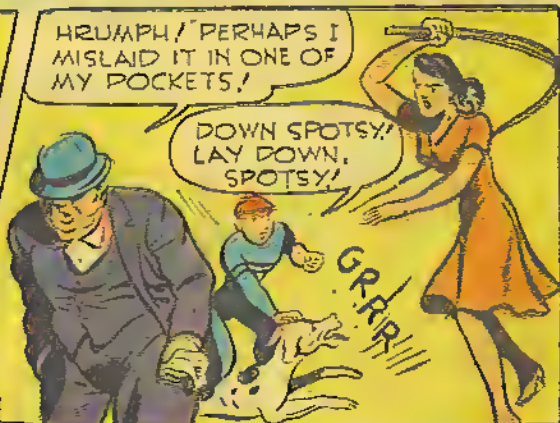


GADZOOKS! A PRETTY TRINKET IT IS TOO, MY CHICKADEE---IT ALMOST MATCHES YOUR BEAUTY! EGAD! I'VE LOST IT SOMEWHERE!



HRUMPH! PERHAPS I MISLAID IT IN ONE OF MY POCKETS!

DOWN SPOTSY! LAY DOWN, SPOTSY!



DOWN, YOU FILTHY DOG!

THIS IS MOST EMBARRASSING! PERHAPS WE CAN ARRANGE SOME SETTLEMENT--IF I EVER GOT MONEY--LOST IT, MAYBE--



YOU'VE HURT HIM! YOU MIGHT HAVE KILLED HIM, YOU MEAN OLD THING!

QUIET, OR YOU TOO SHALL FEEL THE BITE OF MY WHIP!

MOST ANNOYING MY BEAU--



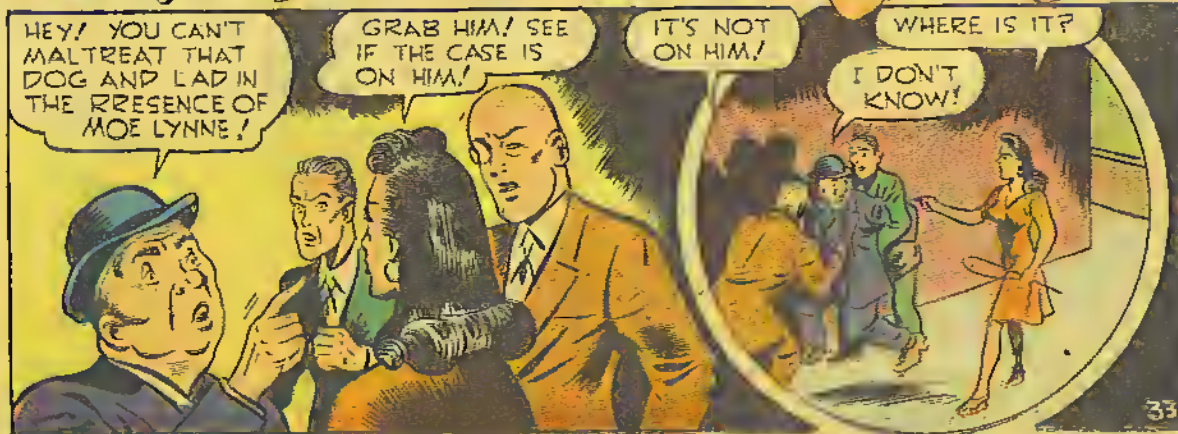
HEY! YOU CAN'T MALTREAT THAT DOG AND LAD IN THE PRESENCE OF MOE LYNNE!

GRAB HIM! SEE IF THE CASE IS ON HIM!

IT'S NOT ON HIM!

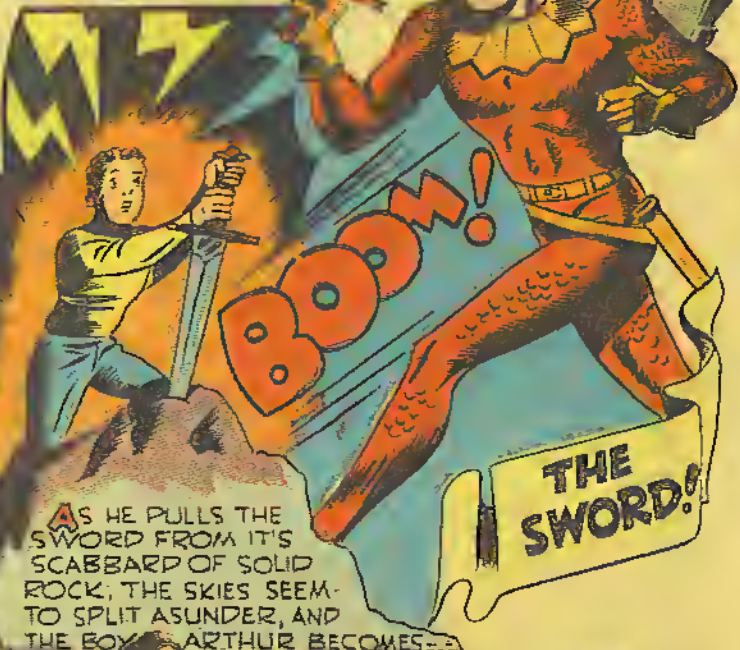
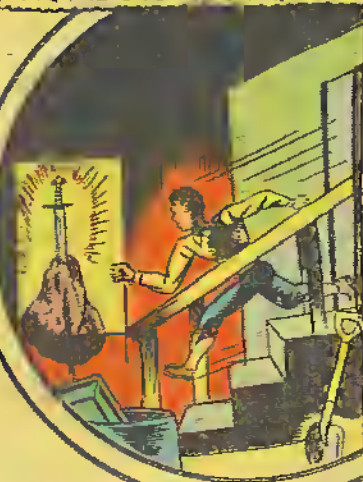
WHERE IS IT?

I DON'T KNOW!





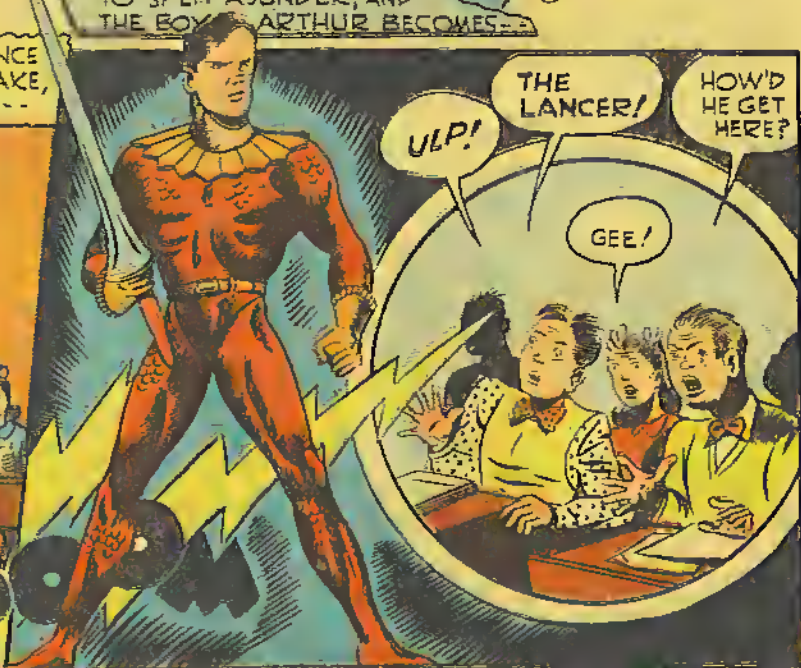
MEANWHILE ARTHUR RACES TO THE SECRET PART OF HIS HOME WHERE EXCALIBUR, MAGIC SWORD OF KING ARTHUR IS HIDDEN!

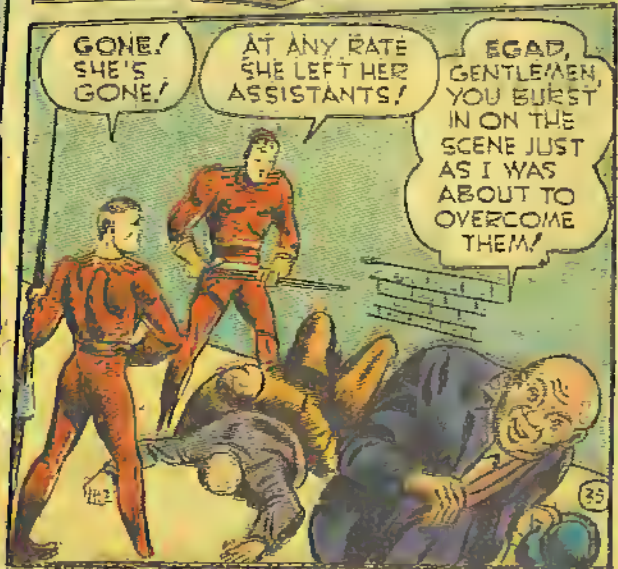
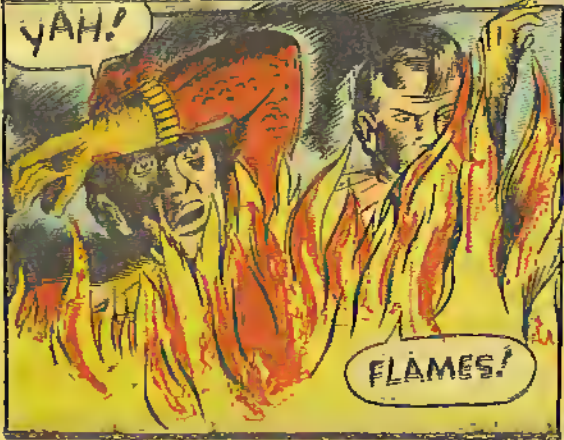
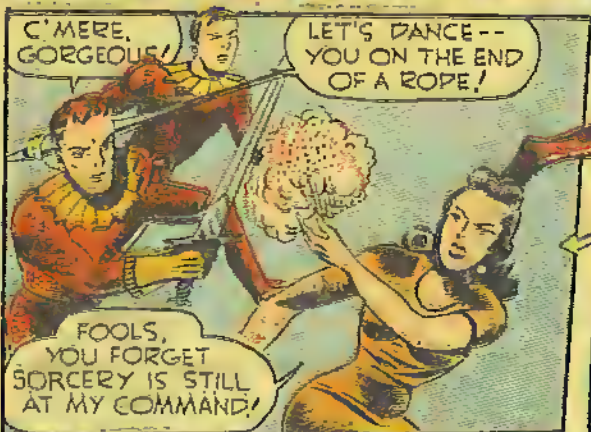
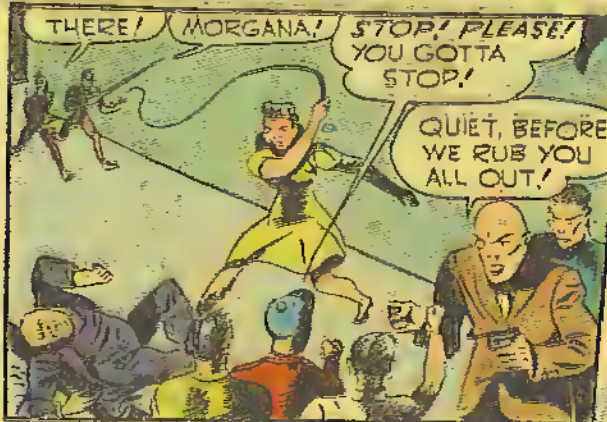
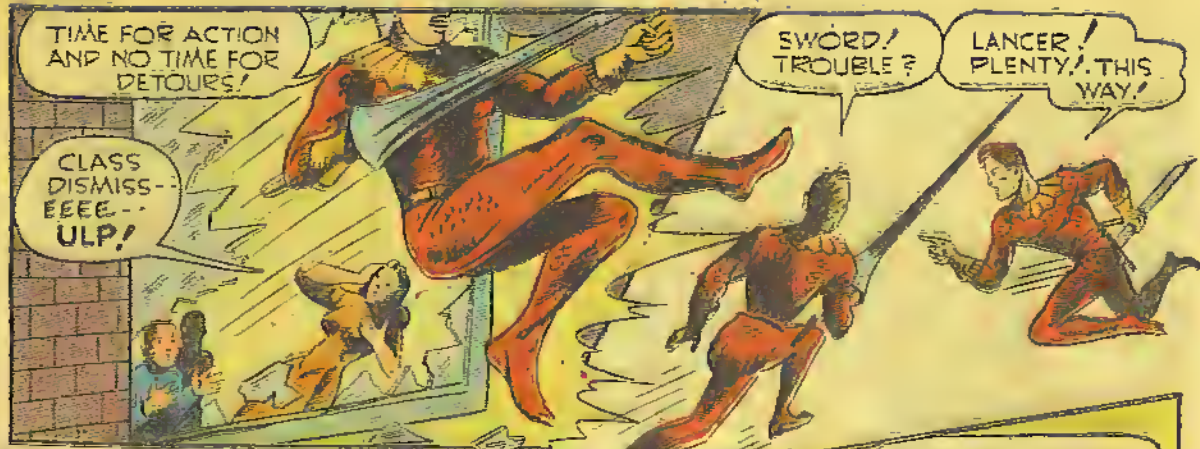


AT THAT VERY INSTANT, LANCE LARTER, PAL OF ARTHUR LAKE, IS AT HIS WORK IN SCHOOL--



A FLASH OF BLINDING LIGHT, AND LANCE BECOMES THE LANCER!





AT THAT MOMENT, MORGANA IS MAKING HER WAY INTO THE HIGHEST SPOT OF LAKEVILLE, THE TOWN WATER TOWER!



SHE ENTERS A BELL-LIKE AIR FAIR WHICH IS SUSPENDED AT THE WATER'S SURFACE!

AND DESCENDING TO THE BOTTOM OF THE WATER, MORGANA PULLS UP A TRAPDOOR ON THE FALSE BOTTOM OF THE WATER TOWER!



-- AND INTO A CLEVERLY CONCEALED LOOK-OUT TOWER WHERE, UNOBSERVED SHE CAN WATCH EVERY THING THAT GOES ON IN TOWN!



MEANWHILE--

WHAT TH--

MAYBE THE COPS CAN FIND WHAT THEY WERE AFTER!

C'MON IT'S TIME FOR US TO CHANGE BACK TO ARTHUR AND LANCE!

LATER--

GEE MR. LYNNE YOU SURE WERE BRAVE!

WHAT WERE THEY AFTER ANYWAY?

A CIGARETTE CASE! EGAD!



WHAT'S SO VALUABLE ABOUT A CIGARETTE CASE?

HRUIAPH! I REALLY CAN'T GUESS, BUT LET'S LOOK FOR IT AND FIND OUT!

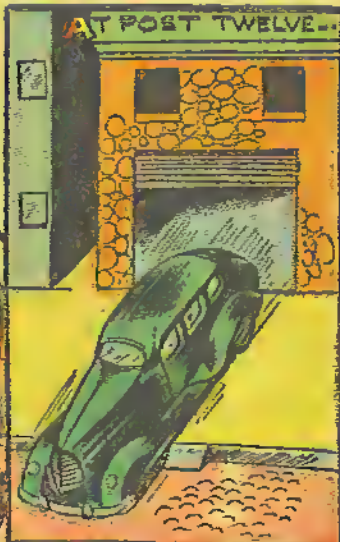
WELL, YOU WERE SEATED ON THIS--

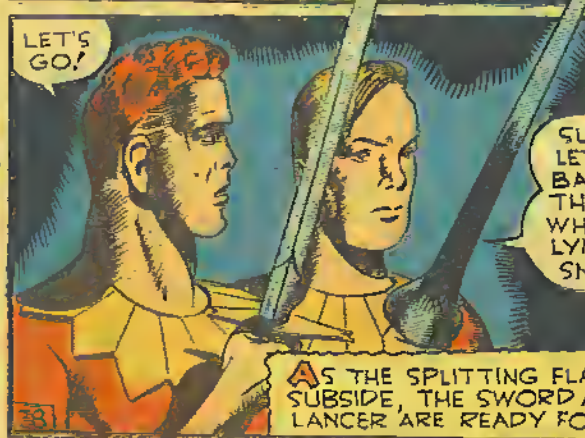
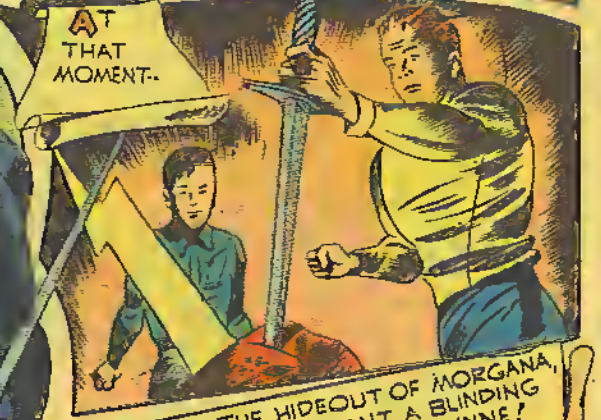
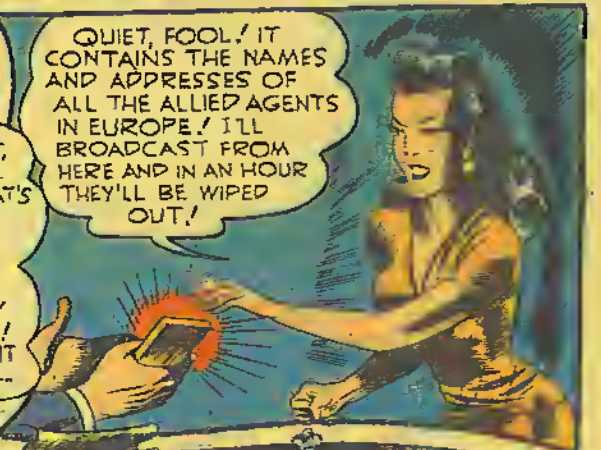
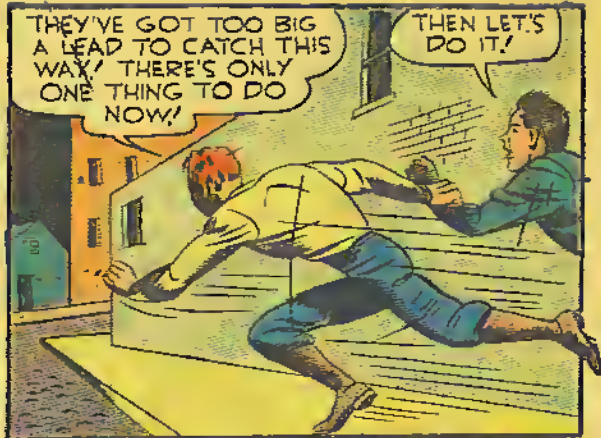
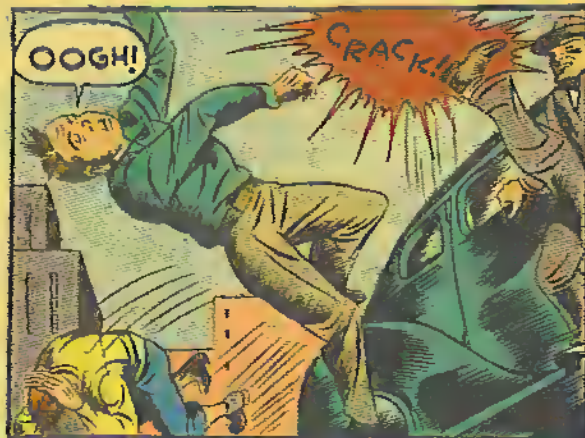
-- SO LET'S START WITH THIS GARBAGE CAN!

WHAT? MOE LYNNE AN INTIMATE OF THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE, HUNT THROUGH A GABBAGE CAN? GADZOOKS! A MAN HAS HIS DIGNITY!

HERE IT IS!







AS THE SPLITTING FLASHES SUBSIDE, THE SWORD AND LANCER ARE READY FOR ACTION!

AND WHEN THE LIGHT AND SMOKE CLEAR AWAY--THE MOST FAMOUS SORCERER OF ALL TIME, MERLIN, FACES THE EVIL MORGANA!

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE TRAMP?

MERLIN HAS TAKEN OVER! THE TR--I MEAN THE SCHOLARLY GENTLEMAN--I SENT HIM AWAY!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE CIGARETTE CASE?

GADZOOKS! MY NAZI SKUNK-CABBAGE, I HAD IT, NOW IT'S DISAPPEARED-- BUT REALLY!

MAKE IT REAPPEAR, I COMMAND YOU-- OR YOU'LL NOT LEAVE THIS PLACE ALIVE!

NO SIGN OF THEM HERE!

WHAT'S THAT?

MEANWHILE--

COME HOME SPOTSY! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?

WHAT'S WRONG?

GRRR RUFF

EVER SINCE THAT BAD WOMAN HIT HIM WITH A WHIP HE'S BEEN VICIOUS AND WANTS TO ATTACK THIS WATER TOWER!

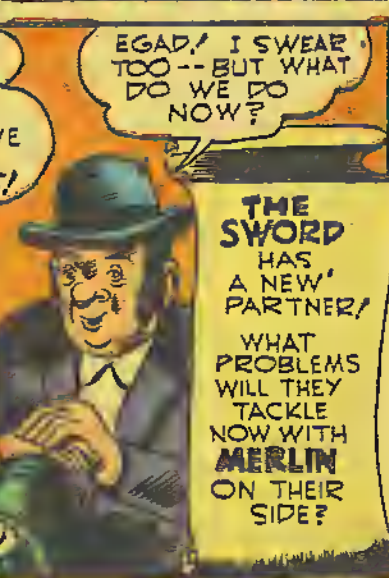
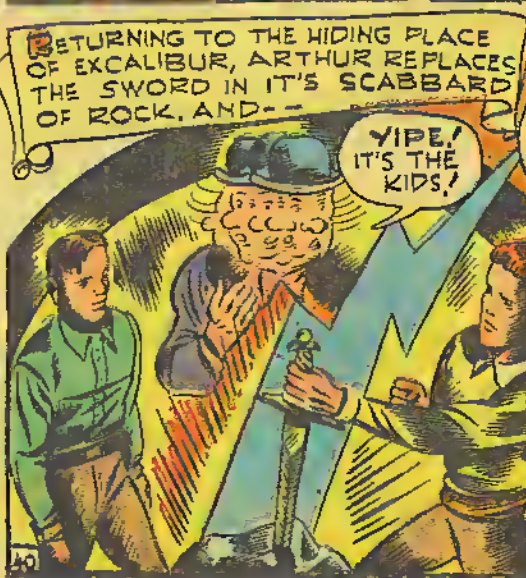
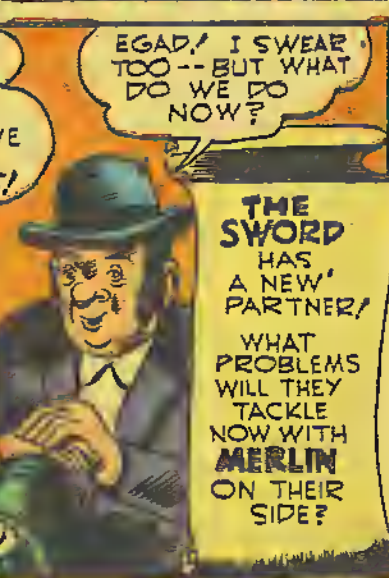
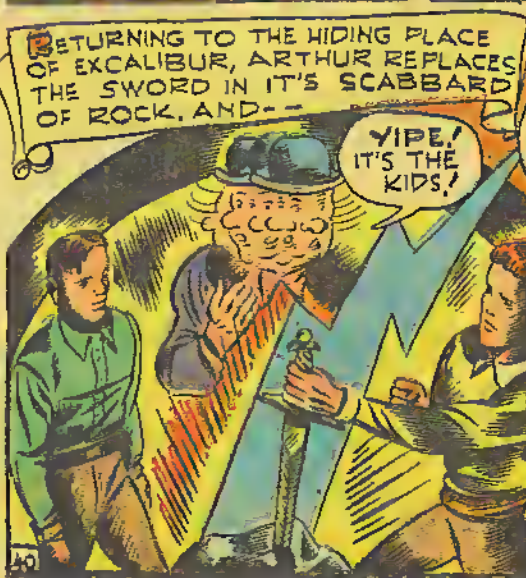
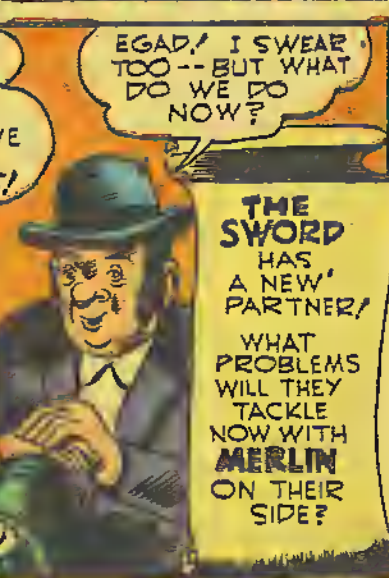
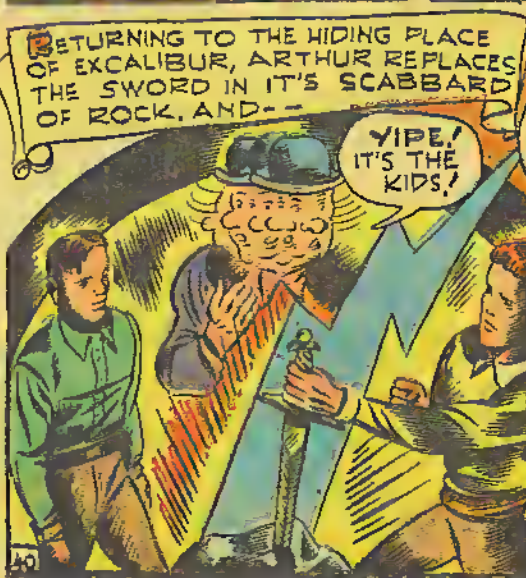
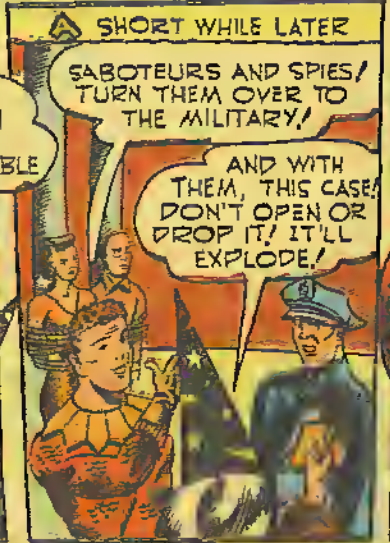
AT THAT SAME MOMENT!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR FOOLISHNESS! NOW FEEL THE BITE OF MY LASH INSTEAD OF MY TONGUE!

EGAD! MY GLAMOROUS STANDIN' FOR A NIGHTMARE, YOU GO TOO FAR! ALLA CA-ZALLA!

JUMBO-MUMBO! GADZOOKS! I'VE TURNED THE WHIP INTO A SNAKE! MY POWER AMAZES EVEN ME!

EEEE



MR. RISK

THIS WAS A BUSINESS, SIMPLE AND EFFICIENT... TO BRING DEATH FOR A PRICE! EVEN THOUGH MR. RISK WAS BORN WITHOUT FEAR, ORDINARY WISDOM SHOULD HAVE TOLD HIM THAT A CERTAIN WAY TO DIE WAS TO MAKE HIMSELF A TARGET FOR MR. MEEK'S GENTLE AND NON-VIOLENT KILLERS!

IN MR. RISK'S APARTMENT--

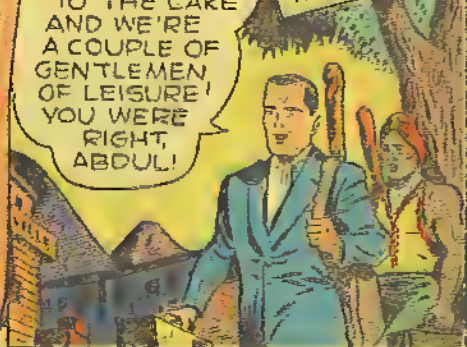
WELL, ABOUT THE FISHING TRIP YOU ADVISED HAS BECOME A REALITY, WE'RE OFF TO THE COUNTRY

YES, MASTER, AT LAST YOU WILL HAVE REST AND RELAXATION



HERE WE ARE! A SHORT HIKE TO THE LAKE AND WE'RE A COUPLE OF GENTLEMEN OF LEISURE! YOU WERE RIGHT, ABOUT!

A SHORT WHILE LATER



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE GETTING AWAY FROM TROUBLE TO MAKE A NEW MAN OF YOU! AH! SMELL THE FRESH AIR!

INDEED, MASTER-- BUT TROUBLE HAS A HABIT OF DOGGING YOU, LOOK YONDER!

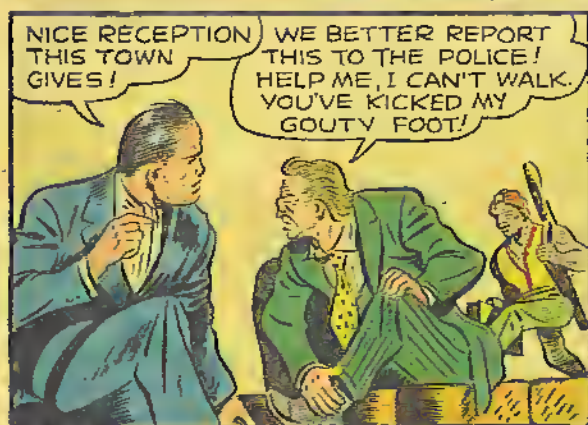
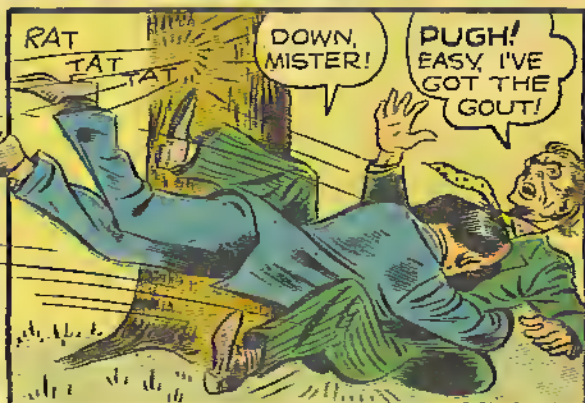
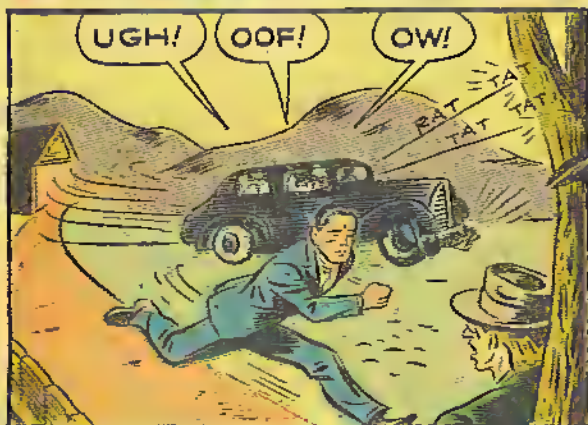
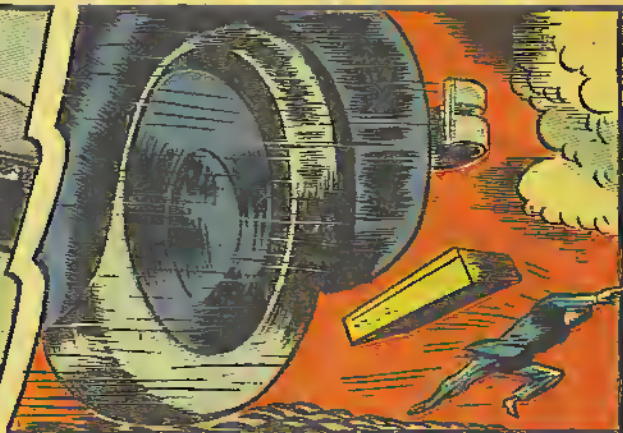
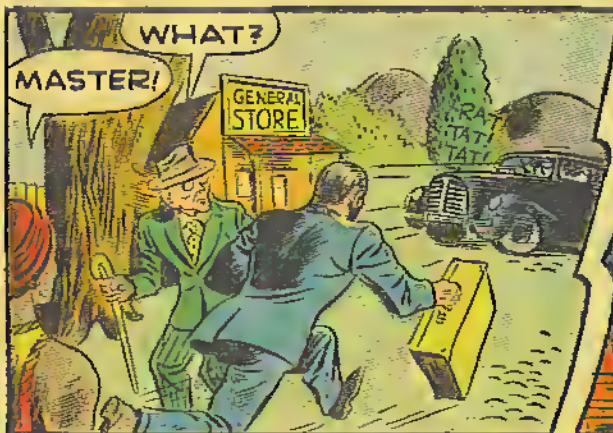


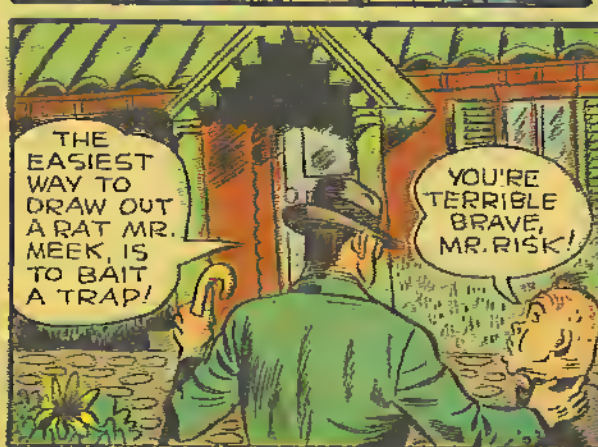
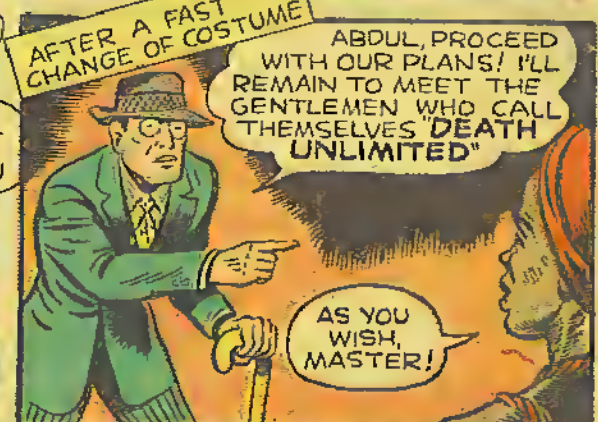
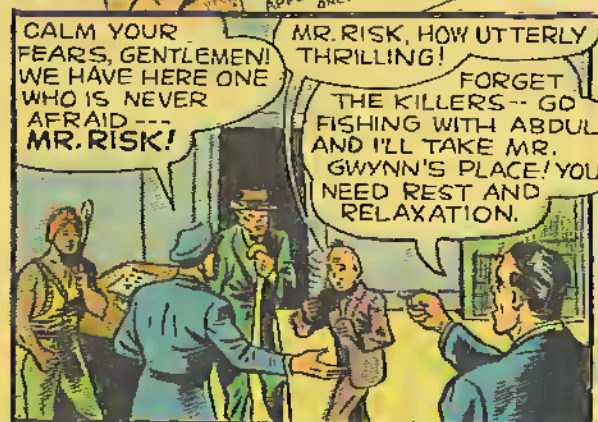
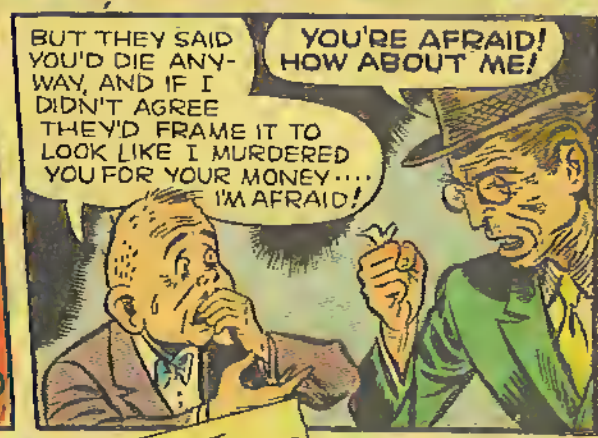
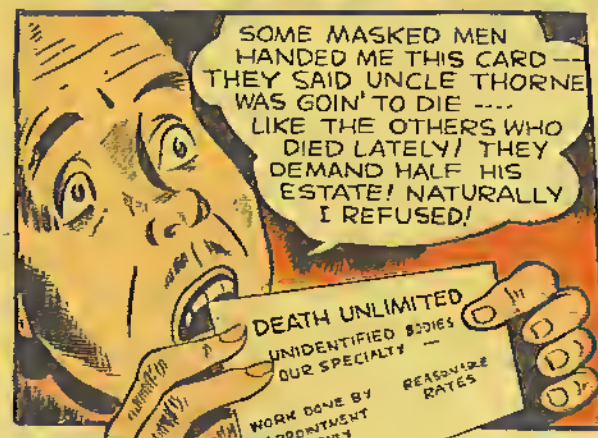
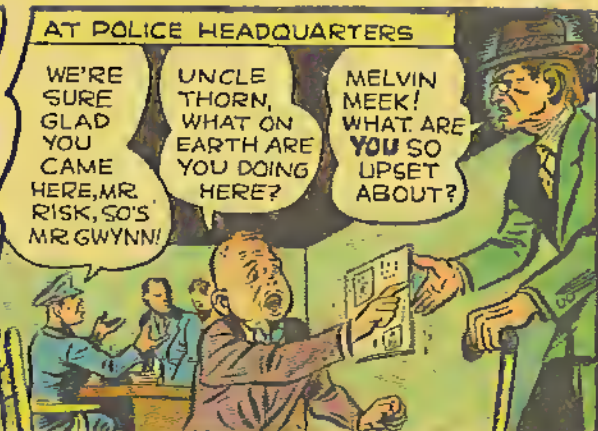
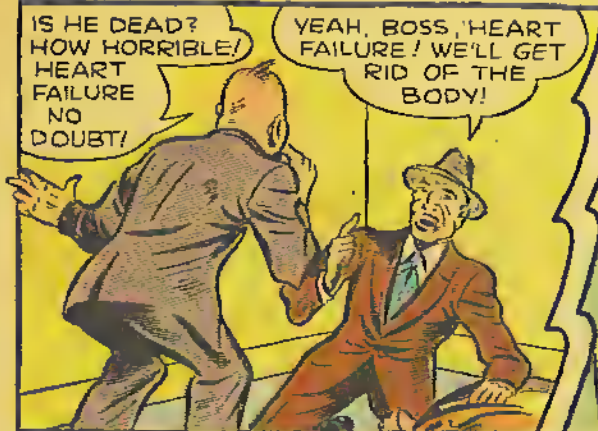
HOLY HAT, IT SURE HAS AND IT'S GOING TO BREAK MIGHTY SUDDEN!



DEATH UNLIMITED
UNIDENTIFIED BODIES
OUR SPECIALTY
REASONABLE RATES
WORK DONE BY
APPOINTMENT ONLY







PLEASE! PLEASE!
WHY MUST MEN
ALWAYS FIGHT!

POW

WHY CAN'T THEY JUST DIE!
WITHOUT BLOODSHED! I JUST
HATE VIOLENCE!

SOK

PHAGH!
SUCH AN UGLY SIGHT!
PLACE HIM ON THE BED
AND TIE HIM UP. I WANT
HIS LAST MOMENTS TO
BE COMFORTABLE.

GAS! SUCH A
PLEASANT WAY TO
DIE! LIKE DYING IN
HIS SLEEP--AND
NO ONE WILL EVER
GUESS THAT HE
WAS MURDERED!

NOW WE'RE FORCED
TO DISPOSE OF MY
DEAR UNCLE AND YOUR
SERVANT--I HOPE WE
CAN FIND A VERY
GENTLE WAY TO DO IT!

I'VE GOT TO GET
LOOSE -- GOT TO GET
TO THE LAKE BEFORE
THAT FIEND MURDERS
ABDUL AND GWYNN!

STRUGGLING
AGAINST THE
OVERWHELMING
FUMES OF GAS,
MR. RISK, WITH
A PAINFUL
EFFORT,
MANAGES
TO FREE
ONE
HAND

I'VE GOT TO DO
SOMETHING FAST...
THE GAS'LL GET ME
BEFORE I CAN LOOSEN
THE OTHER ARM AND
LEGS!

RIP

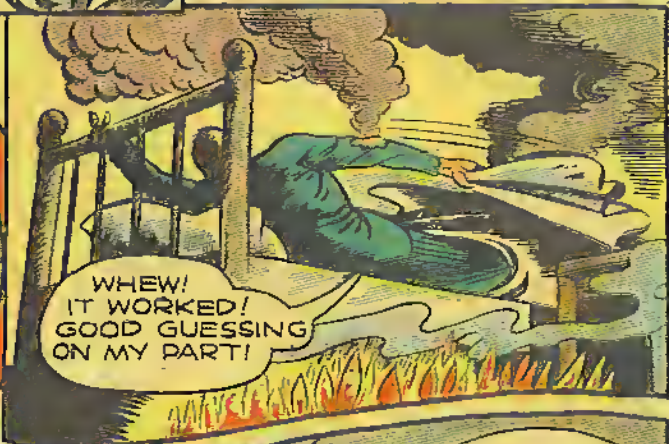
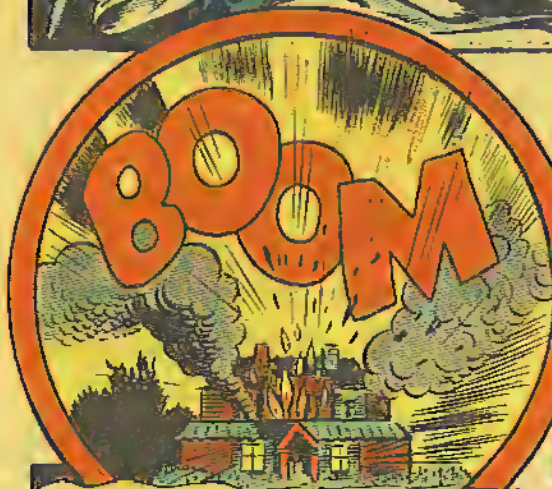
AH! MY LIGHTER!
GOOD!



NOW TO GET MYSELF WELL COVERED WITH THE QUILT--AND THE PILLOW OVER MY HEAD--

CLICK

AND HERE GOES!



WHEW!
IT WORKED!
GOOD GUESSING
ON MY PART!

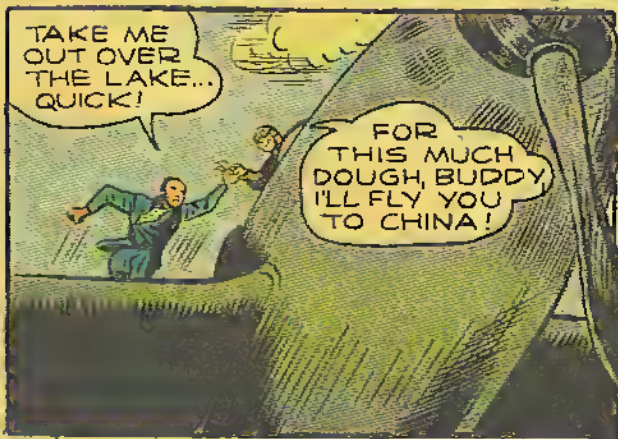


THE FIRE
DEPARTMENT
AND POLICE
WILL IN-
VESTIGATE
THIS PLACE
ANY MOMENT
NOW!



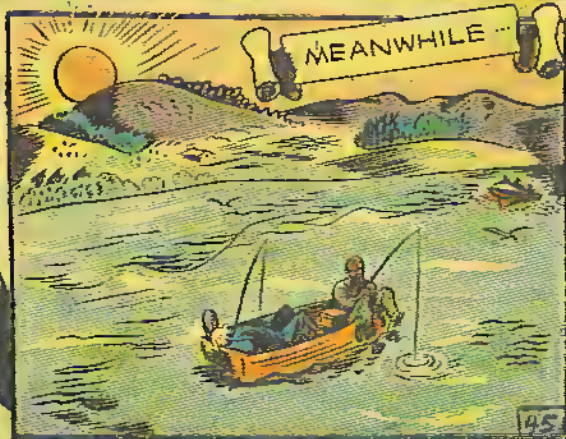
THE KILLERS
HAVE HAD
QUITE A
HEAD START,
I BETTER
HURRY!

CLING
CLANG
CLANG



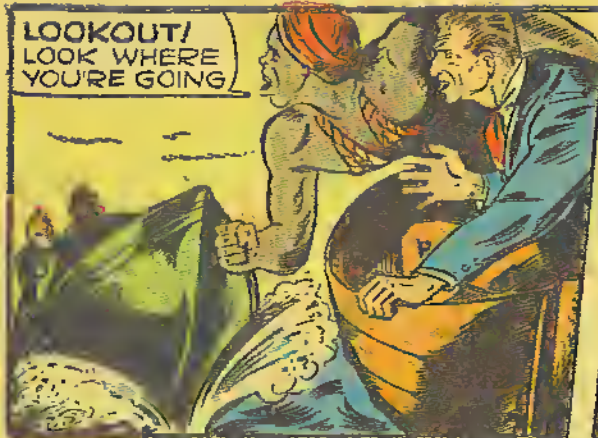
TAKE ME
OUT OVER
THE LAKE...
QUICK!

FOR
THIS MUCH
DOUGH, BUDDY,
I'LL FLY YOU
TO CHINA!

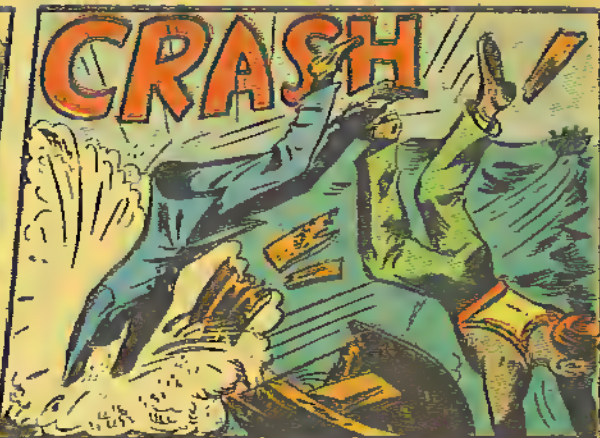


MEANWHILE...

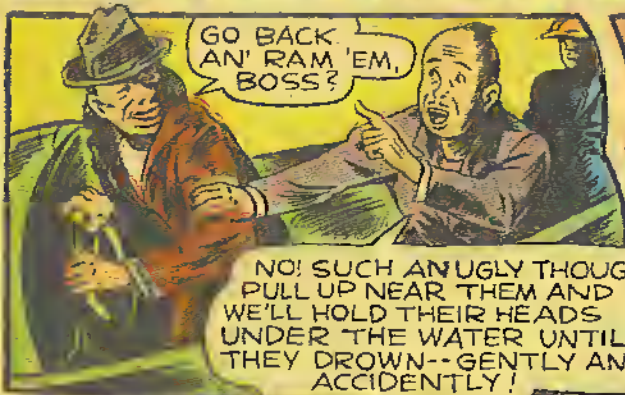
LOOKOUT!
LOOK WHERE
YOU'RE GOING



CRASH!



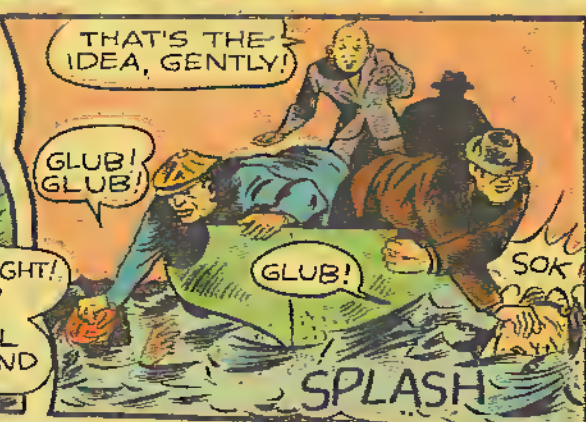
GO BACK
AN' RAM 'EM,
BOSS?



NO! SUCH AN UGLY THOUGHT!
PULL UP NEAR THEM AND
WE'LL HOLD THEIR HEADS
UNDER THE WATER UNTIL
THEY DROWN--GENTLY AND
ACCIDENTALLY!

THAT'S THE
IDEA, GENTLY!

GLUB!
GLUB!



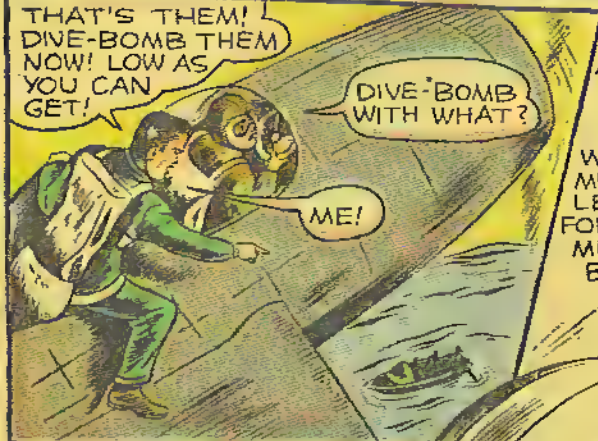
GLUB!

SOK

SPLASH

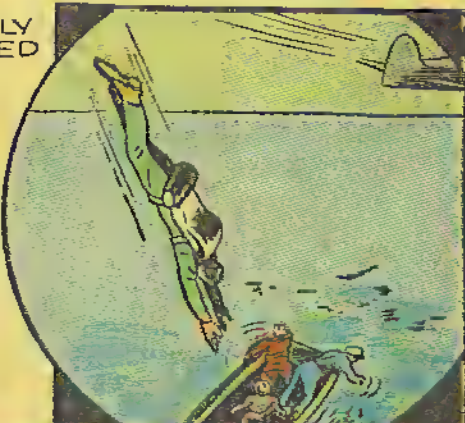
THAT'S THEM!
DIVE-BOMB THEM
NOW! LOW AS
YOU CAN
GET!

DIVE-BOMB
WITH WHAT?

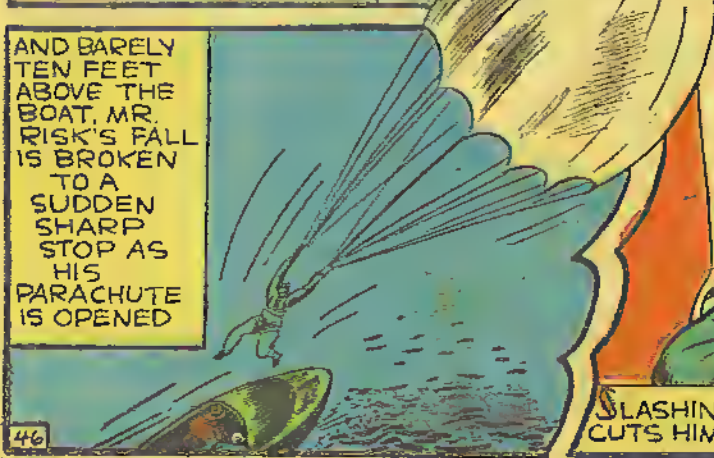


ME!

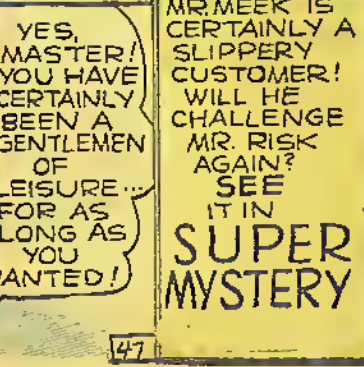
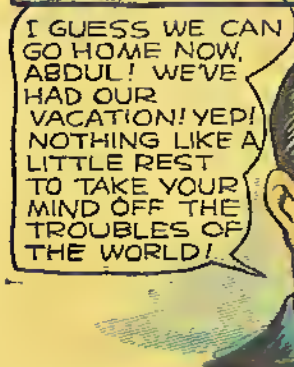
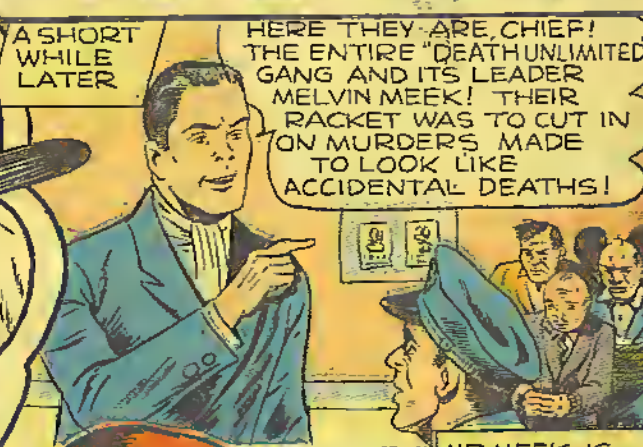
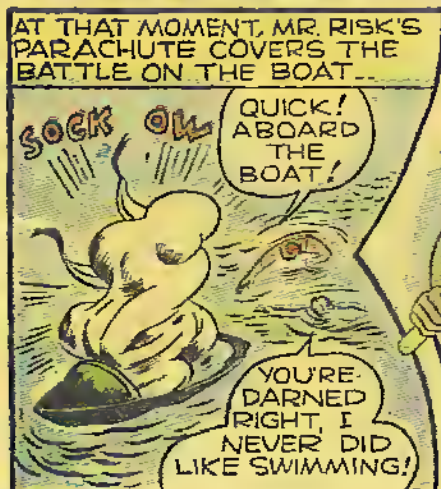
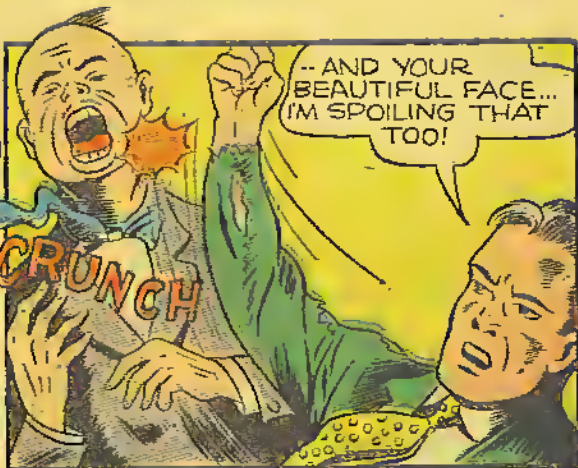
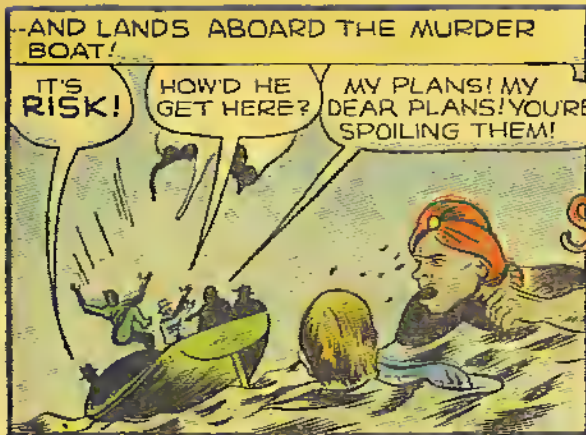
SCARCELY
A HUNDRED
FEET
ABOVE
THE
WATER,
MR. RISK
LEAPS
FOR THE
MURDER
BOAT!



AND BARELY
TEN FEET
ABOVE THE
BOAT, MR.
RISK'S FALL
IS BROKEN
TO A
SUDDEN
SHARP
STOP AS
HIS
PARACHUTE
IS OPENED



SLASHING AT THE SHROUD LINES, MR. RISK
CUTS HIMSELF LOOSE FROM THE PARACHUTE



Lawman's

By Brant

SHERIFF LARKIN dismounted stiffly and knelt down to examine the tracks he had been following since early morning. In the swiftly gathering darkness of the border desert the hoofprints were still clear and sharply defined in the warm, powdery, alkali. Hoofprints that led ever south toward Mexico and the end of the chase as far as Larkin was concerned. Which, in a way, was okay with him.

He no longer was a young man and he was tired. Plumb petered out, in fact. Well, when you're sixty-five you can't ride from dawn till dark without a rest the way a youngster of forty or fifty might. Takes too much out of a man.

"Pop" Larkin remounted the tall bay horse he had borrowed from Pete Mathews' remuda five miles back. But as he pushed on toward the range of purple foothills he thought, a little grimly, the chase would most likely end up a good way north of the border. For, judging from the tracks, Johnny Durango's horse had gone lame.

The old sheriff rode southward at an easy lope until darkness obliterated the tracks. Then he halted, picketed his horse and made a cold camp. As much as he would have welcomed hot, steaming coffee and a fire—even a little one—he could take no chances Durango might see it. And Durango was a killer.

Pop Larkin pillowed his head on the saddle and tried to find a comfortable position for his stiff, aching body. Didn't seem possible he could be so all-fired done up. Still, he reflected, wearily twenty years is a long time to act as sheriff of a lawless section such as Chula County. More'n that. Twenty-two years this comin' election.

Twenty-two years of sun and desert, of killers and rustlers. Job for a younger, more vigorous man. No doubt about it. Well, he supposed the coming election would attend to that. He could read it all too plainly in the faces of his friends and acquaintances—could sense it in the casual, well-meaning remarks that were dropped.

Take this Bob Quinn, for instance. Young feller—couldn't be a day older'n forty. Big, strong as a mule, popular with everybody and more guts than a she-bobcat. Make a danged good sheriff for the county, too. Pop supposed the sensible thing would be for him to retire. Save a lot of embarrassment for everybody concerned. Only he wished, a little profanely, that the friendly hints and jibes of his friends concerning his age and usefulness weren't quite so pointed. Made a man feel like a decrepit old has-been. Which he wasn't—yet. Not by a danged sight!

THE eastern edge of the desert was just beginning to show misty gray when Larkin saddled the tall, bay horse. Again he headed south into the range of low-lying foothills where the tracks of Johnny Durango's laméd horse led him. Lucky thing, Pop thought, he had been able to borrow a fresh horse from Pete Mathews. Gave him quite an edge.

Twenty minutes later, as the sun's rays stabbed straight across the flatness of the desert, Sheriff Larkin pulled up with a surprised grunt. From out of the west the tracks of a second rider had joined those of Johnny Durango.

For a fleeting moment Pop wished he had brought along a deputy. But only for a moment. Hell, he was still man enough to bring in a pair of killers, wasn't he? He'd done it plenty of times in the last twenty years. This Durango and whoever his pardner was couldn't be any tougher than some of the men he'd handled in the past. He touched spurs to the bay and loped on into the rolling foothills.

Pop felt the searing bite in the thigh of his left leg before he heard the report. The bay reared and Larkin, without thinking, automatically flicked the reins over the horse's head. The sheriff crumpled quietly to the ground, his mind racing. He knew the horse would remain where he was, anchored by the trailing reins. Of his own predicament he wasn't so sure. His leg had suffered only a flesh wound; painful but not necessarily crippling.

But the thing that worried Larkin was whether Durango or his pardner might not finish him off where he lay. It seemed the likely thing to do. Just sit up there behind those rocks and fill his unresisting carcass full of thirty-thirty slugs. Make dad-blamed sure of the job. That's what he figured he'd do if he was in Johnny Durango's boots. And if he made a move, no matter how slight, that's just about what would happen to him, he reasoned.

For a good half hour Sheriff Pop Larkin lay in the hot alkali without moving a muscle, his faded blue eyes squinting up at the row of boulders that rimmed the top of a small hill some thirty yards ahead. His horse stood quietly, head down, a dozen feet away. His leg, now that the shock had worn off, began to throb intolerably. Pop wondered how long he was going to have to remain in that cramped position. He couldn't stand it much longer, he knew.

Maybe Durango and the other one had been a little too cocksure about their marksmanship and by this time were miles away, believing him a dead sheriff. Then again, they might still be up

Creed

House

there behind those boulders waiting for him to make a move, not willing to risk the far-reaching report of another shot unless necessary. Well, whichever way it was, Pop couldn't stay on the ground forever. Might as well—

Something glinted beside one of the boulders atop the hill. Pop held his breath and squinted into the shimmering heat waves. Presently, Johnny Durango and a pint-sized man with a limp whom Larkin recognized as Billy Crouch stepped out into the open. With guns in their hands, they made their way cautiously down the slope to where Pop lay motionless on his side.

Funny—Billy Crouch bein' here, Pop Larkin thought. By all rights he should still be up at Huntville doin' his twenty years for bank robbery. Larkin knew that because he was the one who had sent him there. And he knew Crouch for what he was. A brave man—behind a gun.

The limping, pint-sized man, forty-five in hand, was in the lead. Johnny Durango, younger, handsome almost, and with the build of a middle-weight boxer, was close behind him, a thirty-thirty carbine in his hands. Fifteen feet from the sprawled figure of Sheriff Larkin they halted. Billy Crouch grinned and spat in the dust.

"Looks like you drilled him for keeps, Johnny," he said. "Right nice shot, considerin' the light."

Johnny Durango pumped another shell into the chamber of the carbine. "Might as well make sure," he said in a soft, whispery voice. "Far as I'm concerned there ain't no such thing as a half-dead sheriff."

CROUCH knocked the carbine down as Durango took aim. "Wait a minute, Johnny," he commanded. "Hold on. If there's gonna be any more shootin' I'll do it myself. I owe this to Larkin for the two years I been up at Huntville."

Durango's smile showed even, white teeth. "Go ahead, Billy," he said. "Go right ahead. You got it comin', I guess."

The pint-sized man squatted on his heels and rested the barrel of his forty-five across his left forearm. He cocked his head and squinted up at Durango.

"Where'll it be?" he asked. "Head?"

Johnny shoved his hat back and gave the matter thought. "Well, now, if I was doin' the job—" he began.

And in that split second Pop Larkin saw the chance for which he had been silently praying. Both the men were momentarily off their guard. Gritting his teeth against the pain that bored through his thigh, Pop twisted and threw himself to one side. And when he came to a sitting position, his gun was in his hand. His first shot found Billy Crouch. The little man fell forward surprised, a large red hole where his Adam's apple had been.

Durango swore and with the quickness of a cat leaped toward Larkin, his carbine coming to his cheek. Pop fired again and Durango's rifle, its lock shattered, flew a dozen feet to the right. The outlaw, though, kept coming, and before Larkin could pull the trigger again Durango was upon the wounded man, both fists pounding. Pop gasped from the tearing pain in his leg and tried to roll away from the younger man.

But Durango's left hand held the sheriff's wrist in

a viselike grasp and with his right he drove a short murderous blow at Larkin's cheek. The punch landed high, and caught the older man squarely on the eye.

Durango drew back for another, more telling blow and Pop's good leg came up. His booted foot caught the killer in the chest and sent him spinning and stumbling backward. Before he could regain his balance Larkin's gun barked once more. And Johnny Durango, his arm flopping, sat staring dazedly at the red trickle that seeped from his shirt front.

Sheriff Pop Larkin raised a hand to his eye and felt the swelling that was rising there. In another ten minutes it would be closed tight—useless.

"Just sit right where you are, Johnny," he commanded.

LARKIN, his gun still in his hand, hitched himself across to where the bay horse had stood trampling, but motionless, throughout the gun-fire. From his vest pocket Pop took a stub of a pencil and a scrap of paper. Hurriedly, he scribbled a note and then, with a mighty effort, pulled himself to his feet and slipped it under the cheek band of the bridle. Tying the reins to the saddle horn, he slapped the bay across the rump.

"Git home, boy. Git!" The bay set off briskly, headed north.

Then Pop dragged himself to within a few yards of Durango and sat down, easing his bullet-torn leg as well as he could. His eye, by this time, was nearly closed.

"Johnny," he said, and even managed a short chuckle, "you hit me a pretty good lick a minute ago. Looks like I'll have a nice black eye for a spell. But don't forget this. A man only has to have one eye to aim a six-gun. Just relax, son. We're waitin'."

It was late that afternoon when Pete Mathews found Pop Larkin. Bob Quinn was with Pete and so was Jim Patten, a newcomer in Chula County. Pop was leaning back on his elbows now, but his gun was still pointed unwaveringly at Johnny Durango's mid-section. The old man's leg was horribly puffed up and his voice was weak from loss of blood. His left eye was swollen completely shut.

Later that night, after the two wounded men had been put to bed at Mathews' ranch and a doctor summoned, Bob Quinn suddenly quit pacing the floor and poured a drink.

"Pete," he said in a quiet voice, "I reckon I won't be runnin' for sheriff. Not this year, anyway."

Pete Mathews stared at the tall, powerfully built Quinn. "That so?" he said. "Yeah, I figgered it that way."

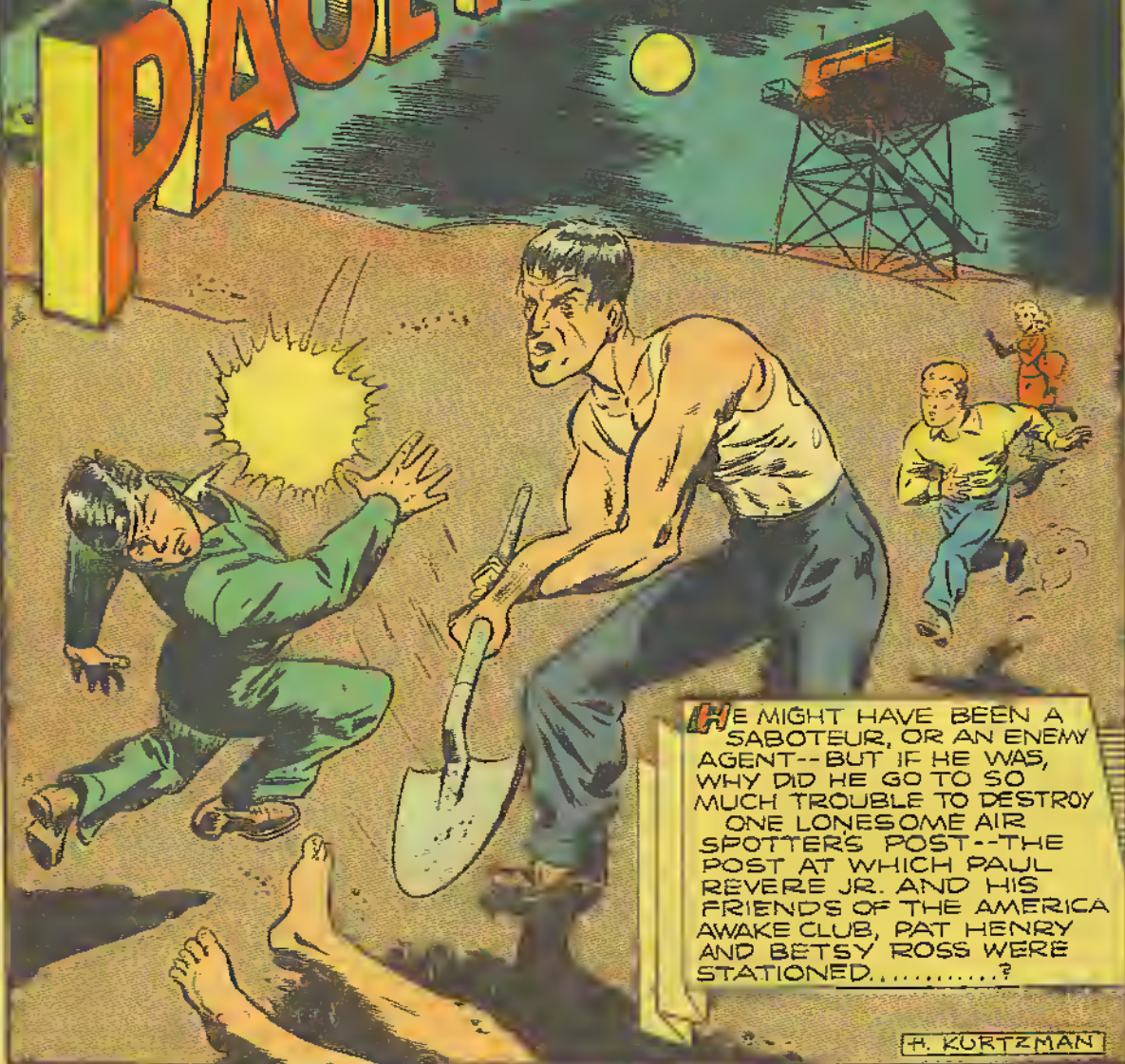
Quinn nodded and tossed off his drink. "Larkin's still a good enough man for this county, I think."

Jim Patten, the newcomer, said: "Course, I suppose he's been a good man in his day. But, hell, anybody could sit on the ground and hold a gun on a man, after they was lucky enough to overcome him, couldn't they? What if he did have a game leg and one eye closed tight? He could still shoot, couldn't he?"

Quinn snorted and eyed the newcomer tolerantly. "Mister," he said, "I can see there's a couple of things you got to learn. One of 'em is that Pop Larkin is just about the most man that ever pulled on boots—"

"And the other," Pete Mathews finished for him, "is that Pop's right eye ain't nothin' but pure glass."

PAUL RIEVERE JR.



HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SABOTEUR, OR AN ENEMY AGENT--BUT IF HE WAS, WHY DID HE GO TO SO MUCH TROUBLE TO DESTROY ONE LONESOME AIR SPOTTERS POST--THE POST AT WHICH PAUL REVERE JR. AND HIS FRIENDS OF THE AMERICA AWAKE CLUB, PAT HENRY AND BETSY ROSS WERE STATIONED.....?

H. KURTZMAN

OUR STORY STARTS SOME YEARS BACK, ON A LONELY BEACH WHEN GANGDOM WAS FLOURISHING...

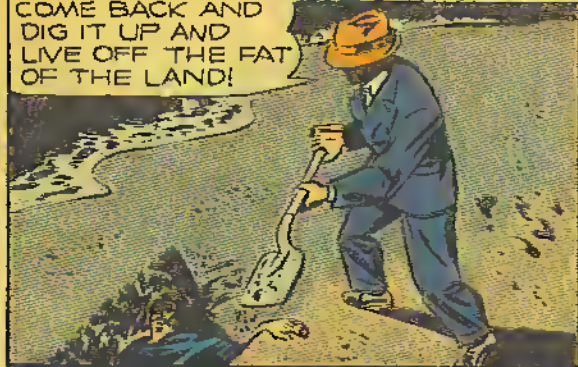


HAW! HAW! DID YOU JERKS THINK I WAS GONNA SHARE THAT SWAG?



RAT-TAT-TAT
ZWICK!
NO!

THAT DOUGHS TOO HOT TO HANDLE NOW, BUT IN A COUPLE OF YEARS I'LL COME BACK AND DIG IT UP AND LIVE OFF THE FAT OF THE LAND!

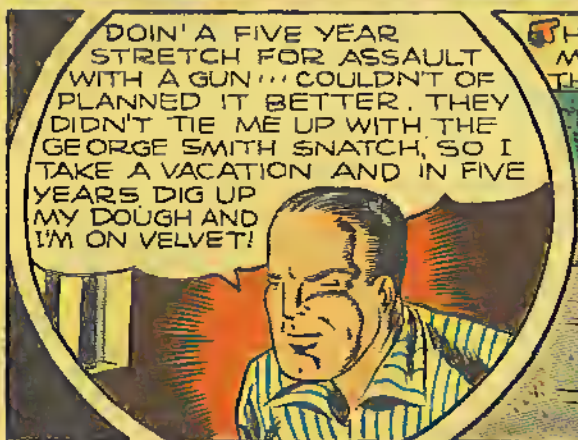


SOME MONTHS LATER AS KILLER ZWICK FLEES FROM A HOLDUP...

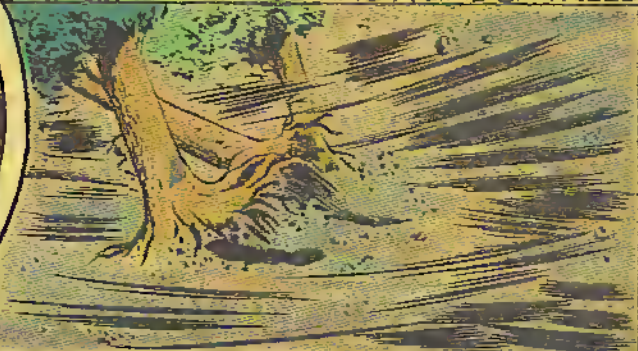
OH! MY LEG!



DOIN' A FIVE YEAR STRETCH FOR ASSAULT WITH A GUN... COULDN'T OF PLANNED IT BETTER. THEY DIDN'T TIE ME UP WITH THE GEORGE SMITH SNATCH, SO I TAKE A VACATION AND IN FIVE YEARS DIG UP MY DOUGH AND I'M ON VELVET!



THE YEARS PASS, AND NATURE MAKES MANY CHANGES, A HURRICANE SWEEPS THE BEACH UPROOTING A LINE OF TREES



AND AS MORE YEARS PASS, WAR, IN ALL ITS FURY BURSTS UPON A WEARY WORLD!



THE STORM SWEEP BEACH SEES OTHER CHANGES... A SPOTTER'S TOWER IS ERRECTED, SO THE LONELY SKIES CAN BE SCANNED FOR ENEMY AIRCRAFT.



IN PRISON, GRIM FATE PLAYS ITS MORBID JOKE. KILLER ZWICK BABBLES IN HYSTERIA ON HIS THE /DEATH BED/ DOUGH FROM THE GEORGE SMITH SNATCH--- BURIED ON PALMETTO BEACH... 40 FEET DUE NORTH OF THE MIDDLE TREE... BUT THEY CAN'T TAKE IT FROM ME... ITS MINE!

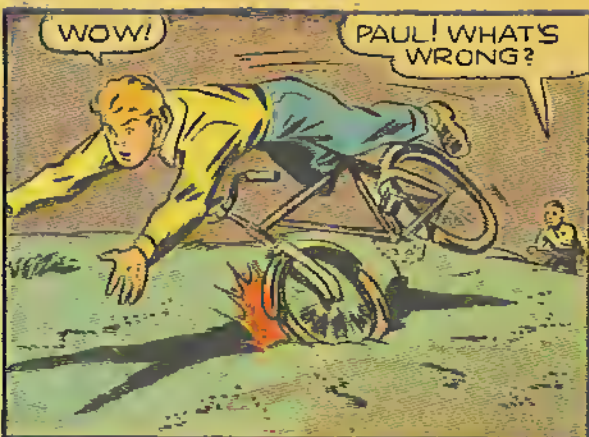


NO ONE ELSE HEARD THAT, LOPEZ, JUST YOU AND ME! WE'LL BE PARTNERS... WHEN WE GET OUT WE'LL DIG IT UP.. WE'LL BOTH BE RICH!

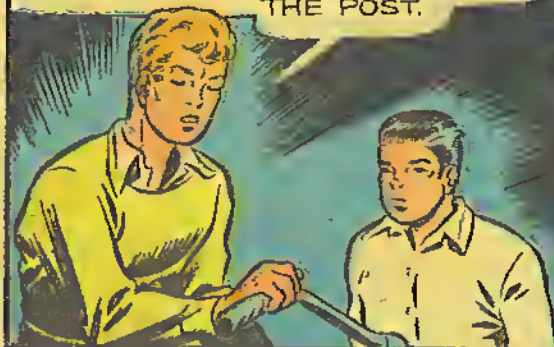




SOME TIME LATER, PAUL REVERE JR. AND HIS PALS, PAT HENRY AND BETSY ROSS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THEIR SPOTTERS POST ON PALMETTO BEACH...

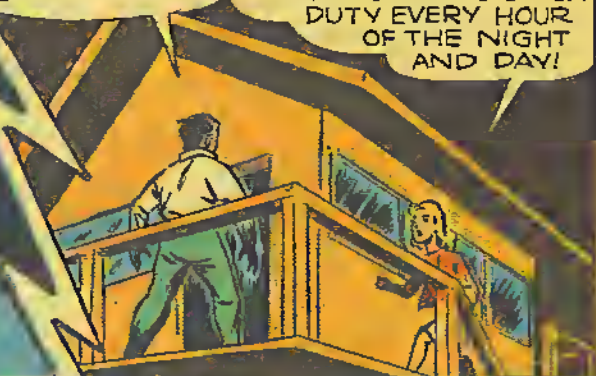


NOTHING SERIOUS. I'LL STRAIGHTEN THIS OUT AND JOIN YOU LATER. BETTER NOT BE LATE GETTING TO THE POST.



IT'S EMPTY! MR. JUGG IS GONE!

IT CAN'T BE! SOMEONE IS SUPPOSED TO BE ON DUTY EVERY HOUR OF THE NIGHT AND DAY!



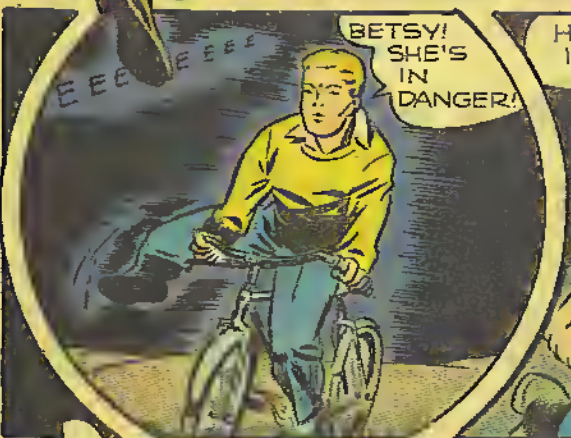
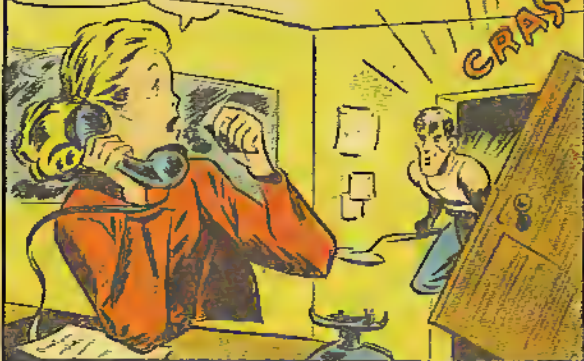
MORE! WHAT ARE THEY ALL DOING HERE?



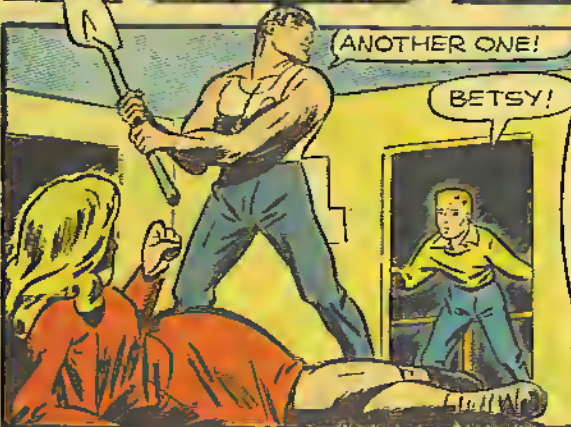
THIS'LL HOLD YOU! NOW TO STOP
THAT GIRL FROM MAKING THE CALL!



HELLO!
HELLO! EEEEEEE



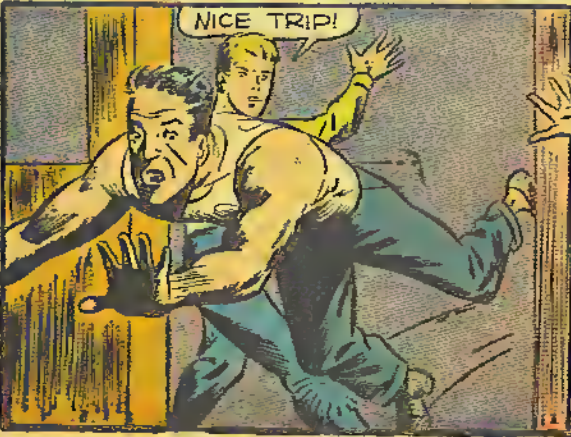
HOLD 'EM, BETSY!
I'M COMING!



NICE TIMING,
PAUL, THANKS!
THIS'LL SPEED
HIM UP!



NICE TRIP!



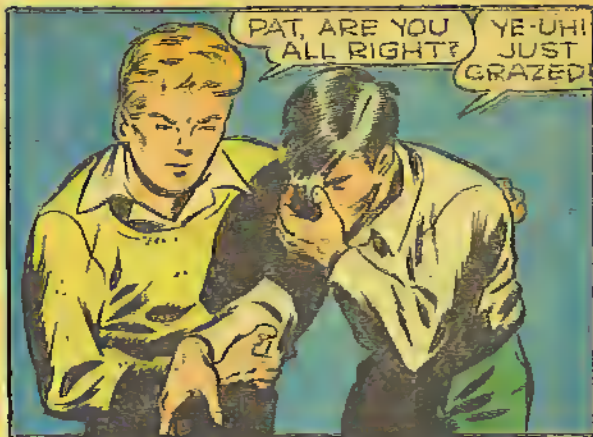
LET'S GO,
BETSY! LET'S
FINISH THE
JOB!





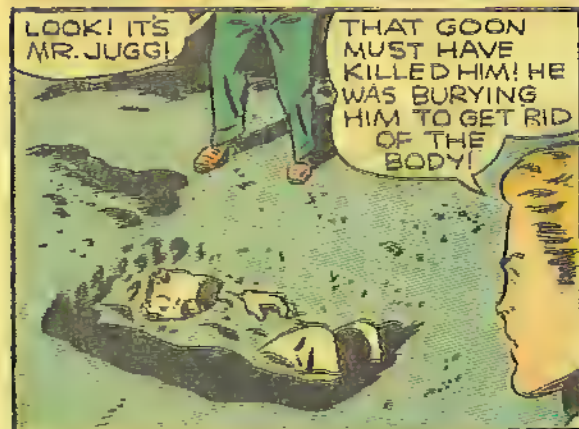
HE'S GETTING AWAY!

PAT!



PAT, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YE-UM! JUST GRAZED!



LOOK! IT'S MR. JUGG!

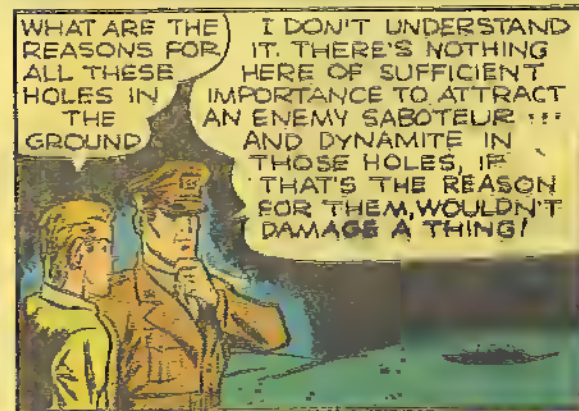
THAT GOON MUST HAVE KILLED HIM! HE WAS BURYING HIM TO GET RID OF THE BODY!



SHORT WHILE LATER...

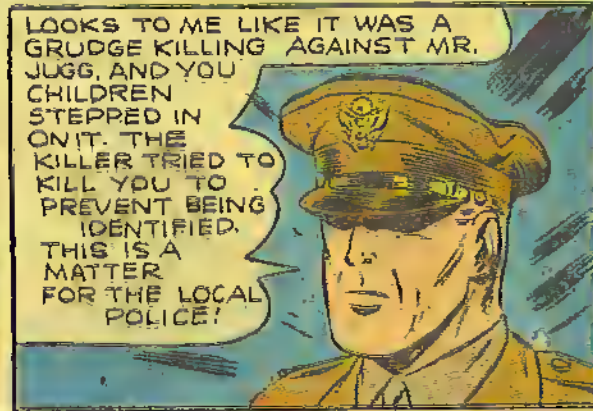
WHAT'S UP?

SABOTAGE AND MURDER!

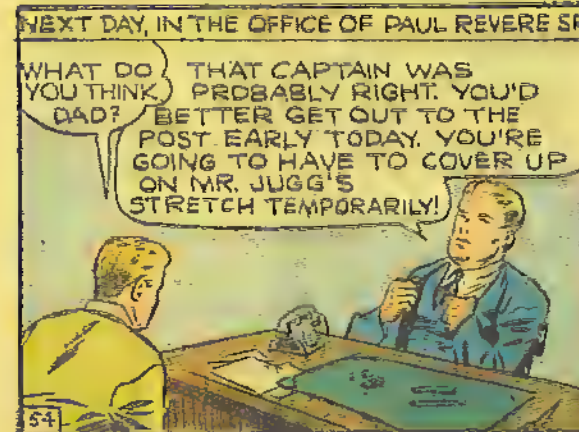


WHAT ARE THE REASONS FOR ALL THESE HOLES IN THE GROUND

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. THERE'S NOTHING HERE OF SUFFICIENT IMPORTANCE TO ATTRACT AN ENEMY SABOTEUR ... AND DYNAMITE IN THOSE HOLES, IF THAT'S THE REASON FOR THEM, WOULDN'T DAMAGE A THING!



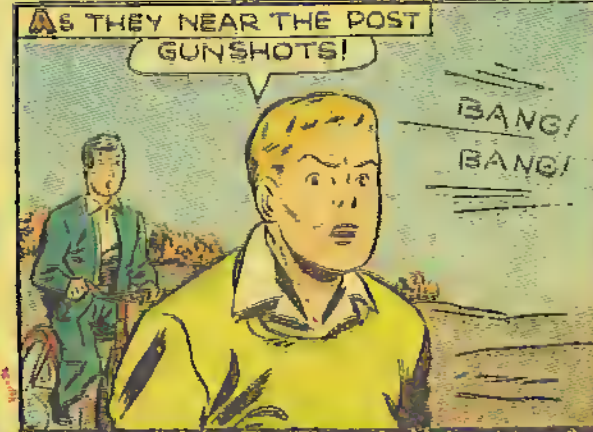
LOOKS TO ME LIKE IT WAS A GRUDGE KILLING AGAINST MR. JUGG, AND YOU CHILDREN STEPPED IN ON IT. THE KILLER TRIED TO KILL YOU TO PREVENT BEING IDENTIFIED. THIS IS A MATTER FOR THE LOCAL POLICE!



NEXT DAY, IN THE OFFICE OF PAUL REVERE SR.

WHAT DO YOU THINK, DAD?

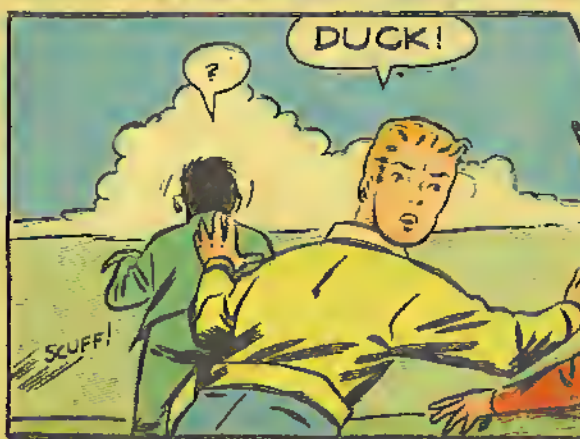
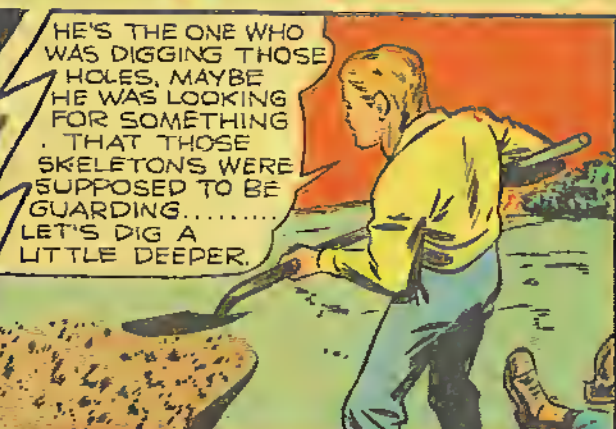
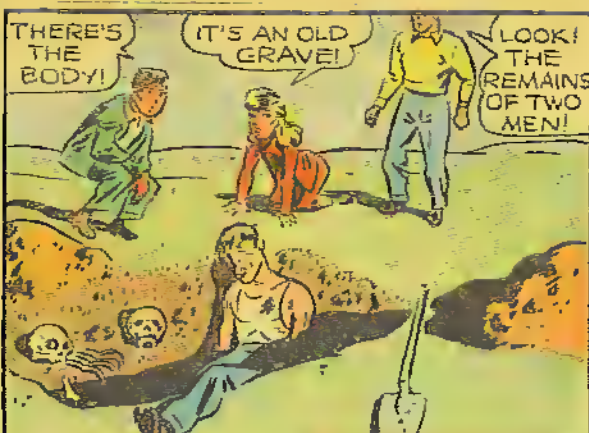
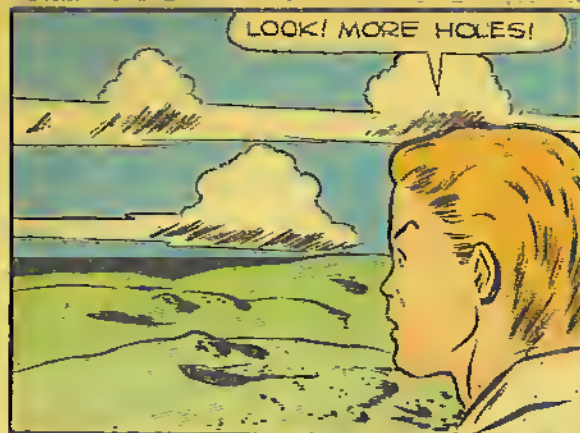
THAT CAPTAIN WAS PROBABLY RIGHT. YOU'D BETTER GET OUT TO THE POST EARLY TODAY. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO COVER UP ON MR. JUGG'S STRETCH TEMPORARILY!

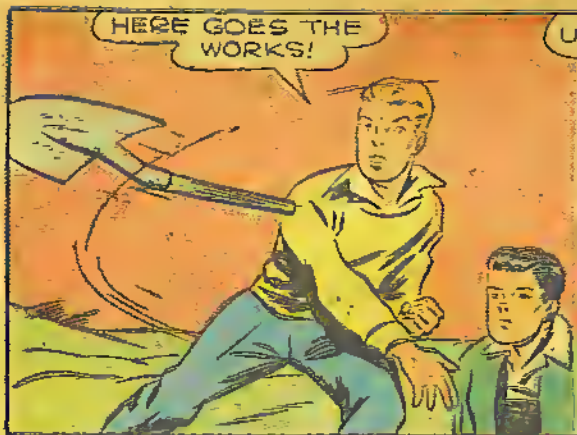


AS THEY NEAR THE POST

GUNSHOTS!

BANG!
BANG!





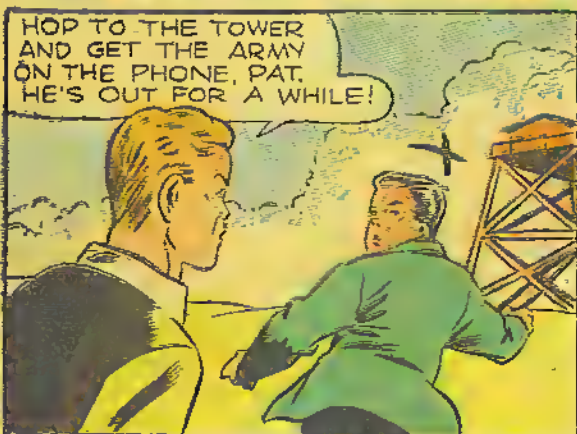
HERE GOES THE WORKS!



UNGH!

BONG!

NICE SHOT, PAUL!



HOP TO THE TOWER AND GET THE ARMY ON THE PHONE, PAT. HE'S OUT FOR A WHILE!

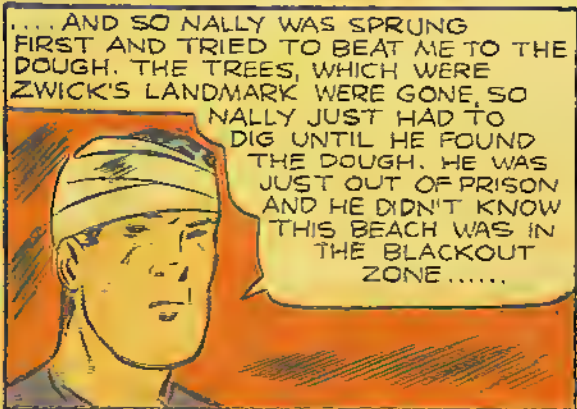


LATER

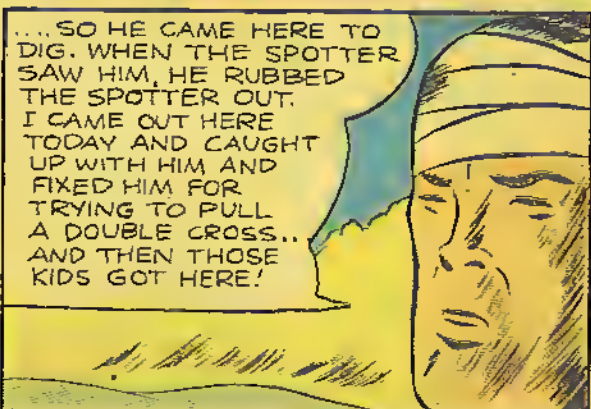
BETTER COME CLEAN!

THAT'S THE RANSOM DOUGH FROM THE GEORGE SMITH SNATCH!

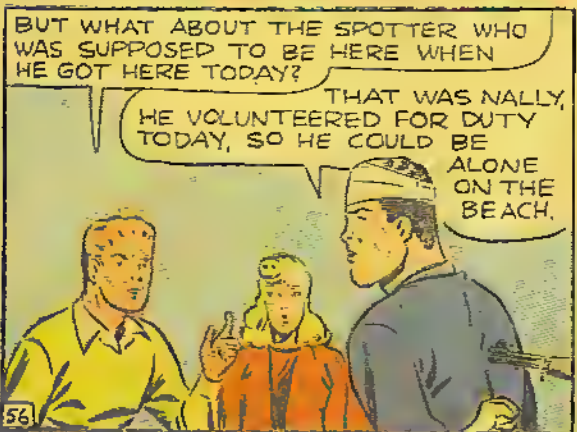
HERE'S THE REASON FOR THOSE HOLES. A CACHE OF CASH!



... AND SO NALLY WAS SPRUNG FIRST AND TRIED TO BEAT ME TO THE DOUGH. THE TREES, WHICH WERE ZWICK'S LANDMARK WERE GONE SO NALLY JUST HAD TO DIG UNTIL HE FOUND THE DOUGH. HE WAS JUST OUT OF PRISON AND HE DIDN'T KNOW THIS BEACH WAS IN THE BLACKOUT ZONE

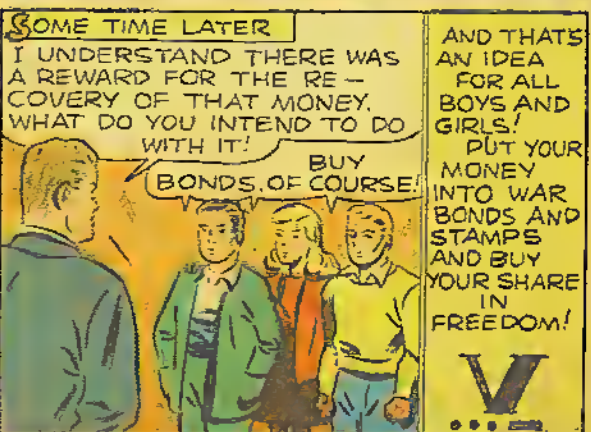


... SO HE CAME HERE TO DIG. WHEN THE SPOTTER SAW HIM, HE RUBBED THE SPOTTER OUT. I CAME OUT HERE TODAY AND CAUGHT UP WITH HIM AND FIXED HIM FOR TRYING TO PULL A DOUBLE CROSS... AND THEN THOSE KIDS GOT HERE!



BUT WHAT ABOUT THE SPOTTER WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE WHEN HE GOT HERE TODAY?

THAT WAS NALLY, HE VOLUNTEERED FOR DUTY TODAY, SO HE COULD BE ALONE ON THE BEACH.



SOME TIME LATER

I UNDERSTAND THERE WAS A REWARD FOR THE RECOVERY OF THAT MONEY. WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH IT?

BUY BONDS, OF COURSE!

AND THATS AN IDEA FOR ALL BOYS AND GIRLS! PUT YOUR MONEY INTO WAR BONDS AND STAMPS AND BUY YOUR SHARE IN FREEDOM!

